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A DAY . . with The . . SALVATION ARMY.

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A Day with The Salvation Army.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

LONDON :
101 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
1904

The sum of £75,500 is needed, during 1904, for the maintenance and extension of our work, as follows:—

For the Training of Officers at the International Training Homes, Clapton, for the Salvation War in this and other lands	£12,000
For the Sick and Wounded Fund—the care of Officers who are resting or invalided, including the maintenance of the Homes of Rest	£5,000
For the work in Japan, and for the evangelisation of the Native Races in Eastern and Western Africa	£5,000
For the War in France, Italy, Belgium, South America, and other Catholic countries ...	£6,000
For the Foreign Service Fund, which meets the cost of oversight of the whole of the Foreign Operations; for the travelling expenses and outfits of Officers going abroad; and for the conducting of special Campaigns abroad ...	£8,000
For the maintenance of our work in India, including grants in aid for 2,000 Officers, the erection of Village Halls, and the extension of the work to which we are already committed	£19,500
For the general maintenance, oversight, and assistance of the Salvation War in this and other Lands	£20,000

Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to William Booth, crossed "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch," and addressed to Mrs. Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

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INTRODUCTION.

By Bramwell Booth.

The object of the following pages will be sufficiently clear to all who may read them. In a word, it is hoped that they will bring the actual work of The Army, in sufficient detail to be informing without being wearisome, nearer to the view of our friends than ordinary reports could possibly do. They do not, of course, make any pretence to completeness. No single publication of this kind could now comprehend all our agencies. But they throw some light on what is going on behind the scenes in thousands of our Officers' lives, and they will, I think, be found helpful in considering the general effect and utility of their work.

I have, again and again, been much impressed by the astonishment expressed by many of our intimate friends, when, by some accidental circumstance, they have caught a glimpse of the labour and devotion of some Officer with whom they have come into contact. I have therefore

gathered together, with the aid of our Brigadier Margaret Allen, upon whom the work has mainly fallen, these accounts of a day's actual work of Officers of different ranks. They are all types of others. Chosen rather because of convenience of access, and so forth, than because they were the best that could have been found, they present fair examples of their comrades as a whole. I hope these brief sketches of toil in the service of Christ and His Church may serve still more to increase the growing interest felt in The Army and its work, and that they may also be helpful in stirring up to greater personal zeal in that same service all who may chance to see them.

I think the first thing that must impress those who read the following papers is the evidence they afford of the entire sincerity of these workers. They are what they are because they desire to be just that, and they do what they do because they are what they are. Here is no trace of anything approaching to pretension, or to the assumption of superiority over those for whom their labour is given. These are simple men and women going about among their fellows doing good.

I feel also that these pages are a striking testimony to the unselfishness of those to whom they refer. None of the individuals alluded to here are without the opportunity

of living a comparatively easy and comfortable life. All could readily obtain other positions of usefulness and honour combined with very substantial advantages of another kind, were they so disposed. But they choose to spend their lives in this continual sacrifice for their Lord's sake. Slightly altering some familiar lines, one can say of them, that—

> Love took up the harp of Life, . . .
> Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd *in service* out of sight.

That this is so, offers no small increase to the probability that their work will be well done, and that it will remain.

These glimpses of life in The Salvation Army afford also proofs of the courage and resource of the men and women carrying on this great work. These are not the records of mere automata, or of parrot men and women, set to imitate one another, or to repeat by rote a certain set of formulæ, either in speech or method. Powerful and essential as is the careful organisation of The Army, it can never supersede the intelligent action of living leaders pulsating with the warmth and fervour of love to God and man. The system is ever the servant of the worker. It is a mighty weapon in his hands; but it is he who does the execution. Something of this is visible in these pages. Whether it be in the work of the Corps or Society, in the labour among the heathen, in the guidance of weighty matters which must be given from a common

centre, or in any of the hundred other undertakings which they direct, our Officers are constantly cast back, not only upon the supports and strengthenings of The Army, but upon their own faith in the Living God, to Whom for a thousand calls they must daily look for wisdom and courage.

It is this sense of individual responsibility which, though it develops the highest types of character, often breaks down health, and sometimes demands life itself as the price of success. But the sacrifice is made, when it is made, from loving hearts, with a single eye, and for the greatest and noblest of all objects. We greatly honour—it has become a fashion to honour—men of science, who risk health and life in the pursuit of knowledge which may prove of benefit to mankind. Soldiers of fortune, or of duty, are in all nations exalted—in some almost deified—who run unusual risks of life or limb for their country or their country's cause. So for our part, we of The Salvation Army, with humble thanksgiving to God, raise to the highest place of honour and glory in our hearts, our faithful comrades who dare to take on them the great burden of souls, even when that burden breaks them down, robs us of their aid, and takes them from our side.

I do not think anyone can read these sketches without feeling that The Salvation Army is a school of hard

work. I sometimes say, when putting the difficulties before young Officers and Candidates for Officership, that the issue of the first Commission is equivalent to "a life sentence to hard labour." Here are no vague notions of getting on by building castles in one's airy brain, or of reaching the goal by watching others run the race. Here is a school of hardness for everyone who enters it, of definite pressing counsel to begin at the bottom of the ladder, to strive and endure, *to set to work, to keep at work,* to expect nothing without faithful, persistent, prayerful labour. These dear comrades are learning the great lesson that mere sentimentalism is of no more use in religion than it is in navigation, and that if they are to accomplish anything with their lives to further the Gospel against the floods of unbelief and passion and neglect of God, by which they are surrounded, it must be by determined toil, by steady warfare, conducted with at least as great industry and sagacity as men bestow on their enterprises for earthly gain and glory.

I hope also that these short records of work may, to the praise of God, show something of the spiritual life and force which alone makes such work possible and beautiful. Into whatever window in these lives we look we see this, the true Light shining. Not always with the same brightness. Not always as manifestly exalted on the

candlestick as it should be. But still there — the true Light of inward Life in God. The more intimately I know the actual work of The Army, its difficulties and disappointments, as well as its triumphs and rewards, the more I realise how great is the force of that inward revelation for those engaged in it.

Nothing but that could carry them on. Without, for the most part, anything of the intellectual charms which hold so many minds to the truth; without, in the main, those personal friendships and social ties which contribute so much to strengthen the ordinary leaders of religious life in their calling; and without, in many cases, any specially striking natural gifts, these men and women of the common people voluntarily live steadily on, year after year, lives of self-denial and wearing labour and strain, supported only by the personal consciousness that God is with them, and that He approves their work. Some greatly tempted—others greatly wearied—turn aside. But the vast majority persevere in the fight, sustained by the force of a spiritual life which neither time—that great foe of mere enthusiasm—nor self—that great enemy of faith—can destroy.

And so I can say with confidence that the religion of our Officers is not a religion of intellect, of culture, of creed, of ceremony or forms. They attach little importance to these things in themselves. They use them, or some

of them, as *media* through which to bring to others the living energy that has proved so mighty in their own experience; but the power is the life, not the form—the power is of God, and not of man.

If I have ventured into this slight study of our workers, it is only that our friends may perchance the better understand the *work*, and, better understanding, may, I hope, more really appreciate it. We have still much ignorance and prejudice to contend with. Many of our most devoted people and important undertakings are hampered by want of money, which but for that ignorance and prejudice would flow into our treasury. Some of these toilers of whom I have been speaking are eating their hearts out in the presence of appalling misery, who could be cheered and strengthened tenfold if the means to carry on the work, without the everlasting anxiety as to finance, could be placed at their disposal.

Thank God, we are advancing in all those matters which make for the permanence of the movement. The means necessary for watching over and garnering the fruit gathered in are being daily improved. The best efforts are being put forth to instruct and strengthen our own people in the things of God. The better training of our Officers has received an immense impetus this year by the enlargement of the LONDON TRAINING HOMES re-opened by

General Booth on January 4th last, so that now we have five hundred young men and women there for ten months instead of, as formerly, only 250 for five months. This is only a step in the direction of still further development in that work, both in this and other countries. In Japan and in India special attention is also being given to the more adequate qualification of the leaders. In South Africa and in West Africa we have openings of a most remarkable character for the same work.

How far these and other "open doors" may be entered must in large measure depend upon the generous sympathy and co-operation of our friends.

International Headquarters,
London,

April, 1904.

I.

A DAY WITH A FIELD OFFICER.

"It is your turn to read this morning, Lieutenant, and I will pray. After that I think we'll do as I was always brought up to at home: we will read together a bit of The General's *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers*. Father never missed that with us children at home. My sister and I had pretty well mastered the book when we entered the Training Home."

Prayers over, the Captain turns to the bundle of letters brought by the postman half an hour ago.

There is one from the Divisional Officer, to begin with. A refractory Soldier has appealed to higher authority, and the D.O. gives instructions how to act.

Letter number two reads thus:—

"Dear Sister,—I heard your Open-air meeting last night as I passed on the tram. I came down off that car—I just had to—to listen. I'm so miserable. I am a backslider, and I formed a friendship with a young man who got me to give up my salvation. We

married. Three months after he fell out of work, forbade me the meetings, and made me dance in clubs every evening. He thrashes me when I don't put enough soul into my dancing. I'm so wretched. The path of roses I thought to find has turned out a path of thorns. May I come and see you? I do want to be good again."

The third is a request for a visit from one who used to be a Churchman and moralist merely. Three months ago he, too, listened at an Open-air meeting, and wrote to ask for an interview, saying that he was a professed Christian, having been baptised and confirmed, but nowhere had he heard of the experience of victory over sin and temper and self which Salvationists seemed to experience. Did one get this by Confirmation? What did The Army really mean by the word "*saved*"? He received an invitation to the Meetings, attended several, claimed from God the experience he coveted, and now leads a happy, victorious life.

The Captain's Correspondence.

In a fourth letter 30*s.* is enclosed in order to help Self-Denial, the Lieutenant and Sergeant procured an outfit from the Shoeblacking Company, and set to work in the streets at "one penny a pair." The writer saw them at work, found them later holding an Open-air meeting in Victoria Park, and now sends this mark of appreciation.

Two other letters complete the "Urgent Correspondence" which has to be attended to before visiting.

Morning visits are all short in this Corps, the people being fully engaged with housework. At the first house the woman is found preparing dinner.

Potato-Peeling and Praying.

"Well, Mother," says the Captain, cheerily, "you are busy peeling potatoes. Let me peel one or two with you while we talk." She has begun one before the good wife can object.

The next woman called upon is dish-washing, and, while the Captain uses the drying-towel, she forgets it is a "pastoral visit," and quite naturally pours out a heart full of trouble.

Then comes an old man who has been bedridden for years, who is occasionally favoured by an Open-air meeting being held outside his house, to his intense delight. A few moments is all that can be spared for him, for overhead there is a woman with dropsy, who has been counting the days, so she says, to this visit. Three weeks ago the doctor came to tap her. "I want assistance," he explained briefly. "Whom can you get?"

"I ain't got nobody, nowhere," wails the invalid; "but if you'd ask somebody in the court they'd go and fetch The Salvation Army; they'll help you."

It was a new occupation for the Captain, but it all came in the day's work.

There is just time to call on a sick Journalist before dinner. A little while ago a slip of paper was passed to the Captain by a lady who stopped for a moment or two on the edge of the Open-air ring, asking her to call at a given address. She found an educated man in bed, his wife and five children in the same room, the wife pounding away at a sewing-machine near his aching head, with no other hope than it afforded to keep starvation away. The Captain ran out to a butcher near by, begged some beef for beef-tea, wrote to Mrs. Booth pleading for a little money for rent, and has kept oversight of the family ever since. The Captain looks in as often as possible, and gives him any nourishment he can take; sings, if he can bear it; prays softly, if he cannot; brings a fresh flower, or a clean pillow-case, and always a sense of comfort. It is but a question of days now, and the Journalist will be at rest.

A Dying Man's Chance.

She is almost at the Quarters when a woman is discovered running after her. "Oh, excuse me, please; we haven't any call upon you, really; but do come, and pray with a dying man!" The Captain turns back at once, finds a respectable house, and a man very ill, but conscious, and anxious about his soul.

"I've—always—been—moral man," he gasps, "but—not enough—cannot die—not sure."

With no waste of words the Captain speaks, simply, to the point, and he eventually repeats after her, "The Blood—of Jesus Christ—cleanseth—from all—*all* sin."

For fully half an hour she kneels at his side, giving a word here and there, as he can take it, commending him to the mercy of God. At last he looks up with a smile. "I see—the Blood—all sin!" It is his last effort. As she rises from her knees, he closes his eyes on the world like a tired child content to rest.

"I've just seen a man die, Lieutenant," says the Captain, as she sits down to a plateful of steaming vegetable soup. "What have you been doing?"

"Well, you told me to take those rags round for Mrs. Smithson's boy's leg. I did, after I got through cleaning our front room. Then I ran in to Nancy Greig—the one who makes rabbit-skin rugs. I helped pull fur with her a little, and cheered her up. She was singing like a lark when I went in, and all that downy stuff flying about, too! You know that woman on the next floor to Nancy, whom we heard swearing so? Well, she came out as I went downstairs. 'Mornin', Capt'in', she said; 'sounds all right up there,' pointing to Nancy's room; 'I can't think how that poor thing can sing—*sing!*—when she's got sich a 'usband. He ran her out o' house only night afore last with a knife. He locked her out

Singing *v.* **Swearing.**

last week and the week afore that. He's a wretch, he is, al'ays at her. An' then she sits an' *sings!*'"

"That's good," exclaimed the Captain, cheerfully. "Nancy is bearing her witness well. She gave her testimony last Sunday afternoon when you were in the Juniors' Meeting, and said, 'The Lord never leaves me; I'm never afraid!' I'm sure that's true. I wish we could get hold of her husband. Tell you what, we'll get to know his favourite public-house, and drop in there with *The War Cry*."

"You know that tall, rough-looking man we saw in the 'Golden Star' on Saturday night? I met him on my way to the Open-air last night. He doffed his cap, and asked if we should be coming to the 'Golden Star' any more. I said, 'Oh, yes, but you'd be a deal better if *you* didn't go.' 'I know what you say is right, miss,' he said, 'an' all my mates know it too, although we do chaff you a bit now an' again.' That public-house visiting does get hold of the rough men, doesn't it?"

Welcomed at the Pubs.

"Best thing we do, almost. Now, dear, let's have our bit of reading before we pray. Get Arthur's 'Tongue of Fire;' that will do me good to-day."

From 2 o'clock till 5 is spent in visiting again. First of all must come a response to a call given rather curiously the previous night. An old widow, in most

wonderful head-gear and rusty black shawl had stood looking at them from the edge of the Open-air ring, then flourished a little slate on which was written an address, and "Come and visit me." She could speak, but was extremely deaf, and to one or two questions of the Captain she only smiled, and said, "Can't hear a word ye say, me dear, but I likes to look at yer faces."

It is a very poor little room where she lives, and the chance of helping her is slight, as she cannot hear; but the Captain soon finds it is to be *talked to*, not to talk, that she is wanted. After a pouring out of many troubles, the old lady says, "I like your visit very much, me dear, though I can't hear. I want to know if ye will sell a lot o' pawntickets for me. If ye will, I'll leave ye all me goods when I die!" She carries off the tickets, sells them and returns with the money, resolving to appeal this very night for some worn garments to wrap up the old lady's shivering limbs. The next visit is to a neighbouring milkman, where she orders a small can of milk to be left at the old lady's door every morning. She is practically dying of inanition.

A Strange Commission.

Next comes a visit to a Soldier who thinks she "hasn't been served right," and who objects to everything and everybody but herself. It takes *time* to soften her, to get her under the spell of the Cross,

but the Captain deems it amply worth the time to change a sour spirit into a sweet one. She melts at length, and confesses, "It was all my own fault, only I wouldn't say so. I wonder the good Lord ain't right out of patience with an old crab like me."

Next door to the "old crab" lives what the Captain calls "a hard case." She has never been able to get behind her bulwarks of cold indifference. To-day she is mangling. "Ever so busy, aren't you?" says the visitor. "See, I'll turn, and you put under."

The Captain's taking her heavy end of the work completely disarms the woman. She smiles, loses all her defensive spirit, and chats away quite sociably, even responding a little to the Officer's words about her soul.

Several "cups of tea" are offered to the girl-Captain as she presses through her last hour, but she refuses every one; it is her custom to get all the time she can for preparation for the meeting.

No Need for Sweets.

"What matter if I have not a big Corps just now?" she says. "The few I get need some solid spiritual food every time they come, some real Bible truth. I was so encouraged one night last week: an old man was offered a sweet in the meeting, and he growled, 'Take it back, I'm getting fed. I want nowt to help it down.' The Bible can be made thoroughly interesting

to our people if one will take a story, and not be afraid of describing it. I do find I get their attention infinitely better if I've got a good grip of the subject myself; I like to look them well in the eyes, and fire away without having to wonder what comes next."

On the front form of the inside meeting to-night there sits a so-called Freethinker. He has been attracted to the Hall each evening since last Sunday's Open-air meeting in Victoria Park. "The infidels get big crowds, why not I?" queried the Captain, and forthwith she had a banner prepared to carry before the march, asking "WHAT IS TRUTH?" It was a bold venture, but she studied up her subject well, and opening with some sympathetic remarks to the sincere enquirer, she showed the nature of Truth, expatiating upon "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and climaxing triumphantly with "I AM THE TRUTH." Many new hearers joined the ring, amongst them this man who, though he knows it not, is seeking Christ, the Solver of the world's problem.

"What is Truth?"

At 9.15 the Captain draws her meeting to a close, leaving the Lieutenant to lock up while she runs off to catch a backslider who has been a wonderful trophy of grace, but who has let surrounding circumstances come between himself and God. His fiancée dropped

her profession of Christ; his home people persecuted him in every way; he gave in, and is now obdurate.

"Hallo, Captain, who'd ever think to see you after me at this time o' night?"

"It is the only time I can catch you, Brother Jones, and I want a few minutes' talk."

"Now, look here, Captain, t'aint no use. I'm never going to try no more. They've led me a dance here over my religion, now they shall see I can lead them a dance. I'll show 'em!"

In spite of all he may say the Officer talks hopefully on; the man's chatter stops, his head droops.

"You do not want to disappoint your Lord, however hard it is."

That touches him. A crushed red handkerchief has to do duty for a pocket-handkerchief. Presently a big sob escapes him, and, in obedience to the gentle pressure upon his arm, the man sinks to his knees, confesses his wrong to God, and asks for pardon.

This incident has considerably lengthened the usual day—you cannot get people broken down and converted in two or three minutes—but it sends the Captain to her well-earned rest a very happy woman.

II.

A DAY WITH A DIVISIONAL OFFICER.

"A Divisional Officer is an Officer commanding part of a Province called a Division, and which includes a number of Corps." (*Orders and Regulations.*)

The Divisional Officer of whom I write, and who has some twenty-five Corps and forty-five Officers under his direction, has the convenience of an office under his own roof; so before 9 a.m. has struck he is busy with some twenty letters which have arrived by the morning mail. Sorting them quickly, he finds that these necessitate forty replies, as each subject must be dealt with on a different sheet.

There are five from his immediate superior, the Provincial Commander: one deals with property matters, another with the Junior work, a third with Corps Cadets, another touches a disciplinary matter which needs adjustment in a Corps, whilst the fifth relates to the transfer of an Officer.

Five Field Officers write concerning special meetings and demonstrations they wish to arrange.

A local man who desires to get an old building off his hands thinks it would be "the very thing for The Salvation Army." Doubtful as he is of its utility, the D.O. must make an early appointment to see it. If he thinks it suitable, he will take the dimensions and every particular he can get, and forward the same to the Provincial Headquarters, to be laid before the Property Council.

A Busy Day in Store.

He races through the business as quickly as possible, for if there is one thing he loves better than another it is helping, encouraging, and inspiring the Officers of his Division. From the letters before him he sees that he must at once visit the Officers of two Corps.

"Bless and inspire your Officers," he says, "and the Soldiers are sure to be all right." The influence of the Training Commissioner has been a lasting one upon him, and instantly a difficulty crops up he puts into practice a precept of the Commissioner's which has become to him a life lesson: "Better to save one trained Officer than to make three new ones."

One of the letters in question is from a fine fellow whose work sometimes suffers by his sarcastic remarks. After he has blessed his people he wounds them. When he sees the effect of his words, nobody is more distressed than the man who is to blame, because, although he has this reprehensible habit, he loves his

people, and would give his life for their salvation, were that needful.

It is the D.O's business to show him this fault, and how to master it, without discouraging his spirit.

Cycling to Cheer Them.

Nothing but an interview will do this. Fortunately, he lives only three miles from the girl Officer whose letter also claims attention. Having swept most of the correspondence out of the way, the D.O. jumps on his cycle, and makes straight for interviews with both.

"I have probably mistaken my path after all," had written the perplexed woman Officer. "I am not a success, somehow. Maybe my best place is at home.

"O Leffy, here's the D.O.!" exclaimed she, spying a cycle being "stabled" in her little front garden. "Why, he can only have had my letter an hour or two. Does he care about us as much as all that?"

"Thought I'd run over, and have a little talk with you two," says the Officer, quite naturally, giving each a hearty hand-grip. "Better than writing. What a nice bright fire! Quite cheerful a day like this. Now, sit down, and let us have a chat."

"He can't be *very* angry with me since he speaks so kindly," thinks the "failure."

Before she knows quite how she did it, the girl has

told the D.O. all her trouble. "I'm afraid I'll never make anything out," she ends dismally.

To give her hope in herself and faith in her God, is evidently the work of the hour. He tackles her very gently, but with such evident belief in her hidden capabilities that her courage rises as he talks. Some of the difficulties are sifted out, and he explains how they might be avoided or better engineered in future.

"Have you not felt that if you voluntarily leave the post in which God has placed you that your life's work will be finished? You could never pick up those threads you would drop in laying down your task."

The tears roll down her cheeks.

"Come, now, let us have some prayer," says the D.O. Nor does he leave the Throne of Grace until the answer is evidently in his hand.

She will fight on; but more than that, she has been shown how to take hold of God in a wholly new way. She is linked on to the Spirit of Pentecost.

Shepherding the Struggling.

Half an hour later the D.O. is sitting in the rather scantily-furnished Quarters of the man he seeks to help. The great thing to avoid is to come heavily down on him with an accusation, and so dry up the springs of confidence. A little chat upon holiness, victory, and success in soul-winning brings him up to the point of his own accord. "There is

something wrong—wish I knew what it was—I know I'm called to the work; and yet, just as I am about to succeed, my work seems often blighted."

Tactfully, patiently, yet very straightly, the Divisional Officer deals with the difficulty, showing him how to improve his character as well as his individual actions. In course of the conversation he finds out that financing a Corps is a real burden to him, partly because he does not carry the full sympathy of the people, partly because he has never really learned the knack of getting money for the Lord's kingdom without showing that it is a distasteful business. The D.O. thereupon makes a multitude of suggestions; tells what he himself did in a like case; arranges for the Band of a neighbouring Corps to give a week-end shortly—spares no pains to help and inspire him, because he has learned that a task of this kind must be *thoroughly done when once attempted*, not left to tinker on at some future occasion.

Divers Difficulties.

All this has taken most of the morning, yet it has been amply worth while. The D.O. mounts his bicycle, and rides home at a good speed, that he may get half a dozen more letters written before dinner.

Letters from two Local Officers of the same Corps demand his first attention. "Are you aware that so-and-so is happening?" they ask. The information

given shows that several Local Officers in that particular Corps must be seen.

"I am coming over to have a cup of tea with you Local Officers," writes the D.O. "A little talk together will do us all good. The Captain will arrange with you for the best evening, and let me know."

"Adjutant Longtime has been here this morning," announces Mrs. D.O. at the dinner-table. "She will be back to see you at two o'clock. How bright she looks now. Didn't you have a great trouble with her a while ago?"

"Not a *great* trouble, dear; a little one only. You see she wanted a change from the Province where she had been so long. The change to my Division meant an apparent 'drop' for her. She took it hardly; had the thought of a slight operation weighing upon her, and got the idea that nobody cared much what became of her."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, my dear, such a little. I paid her expenses up to see me, and gave her two or three shillings over to get something she needed; gave her a little help while she was sick; showed her a generous spirit, nothing more. From that time she felt more than ever that The Army really did care for every one of its Officers, and that it meant something

Temporal Temptations.

to us whether she got well or not. It has made a world of difference to her."

"Wasn't it something of that sort Captain Early spoke of in the last Officers' Meeting?"

"A little like it. She had come out of a Corps where she and her Lieutenant had not been receiving much salary, and I was able to come to her help."

Practical Pity and Help.

"And she said it had done her more good than a fortune," adds his wife.

"Think she did. Well, I believe as far as these things go that 'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth.' And you know, my dear, *we* haven't suffered by generosity. Two years ago we had £140 debt on the Division, and now it is rolled off, and we have a little in hand for emergencies."

"Shall you be home to tea?"

"No, I must go on to Y—— this afternoon, on my way to Z——, where I have a Meeting to-night. You know Captain Lately, of Y——. Of course, her last Corps being one composed mainly of men, with a Band, and her present one having so many servant-girls, with no Band, the change seems to discourage her. Statistically Y—— is the better Corps of the two, but she cannot grasp it. I am taking over the papers to show her it is really so. She is very much discouraged, so I am running over to-day."

Nobody except the Recording Angel has kept notes of the interview, but it is finished on their knees by the side of the tea-table, and it is with a brave face that the Captain says, "God bless you, Staff-Captain! I shall never forget this lesson as long as I live."

At six o'clock the D.O. is due at the next Corps—a run of a few minutes by train—for the Inspection of Corps books, receipts, Soldiers' rolls, etc. He checks and initials each, talks cheerily to the Officer of his future plans; leads the open-air meeting, at which the Band and Soldiers are present, at 7.15; and has a rousing good time in the inside meeting—at which, after a real battle for souls, a drunkard, a poor woman with an unhappy married life, and a young girl who had manifested an utterly giddy spirit at the commencement of the meeting, knelt at the mercy-seat—at eight o'clock.

Numbering the People.

After that is closed there is a Census Meeting in the Officers' Room, where the principal Local Officers gather with the Captain and Lieutenant, when every name on the Corps roll is gone through and questioned. Three or four leading questions have to be answered, such as—

(1) *What are the Corps' difficulties?*
(2) *What can be done to improve the Open-air meetings?*
(3) *How can we get more souls converted?*

On each of these topics the D.O. draws out his Local Officers as far as possible. He views it as a great opportunity to talk with the leading men of a Corps, and believes it should be made one of the most helpful meetings going. Sometimes he gives three or four hours to a Census Meeting in a large Corps, now and again dividing it into two visits.

It makes him very late home, it is true; but what he says about all his work, the D.O. most truly puts into practice in this portion of it—"Do a thing properly while you are at it, and don't try to hurry through unless you wish to forfeit your influence. Influence lasts through all eternity."

III.

A DAY IN THE SLUMS.

It is six o'clock on a wintry morning, but a light shines through the window of the little Slum Quarters, for the Officers are lighting their copper fire, and busily preparing for one hundred and fifty hungry young guests. An hour before the time for the door to open they gather thick around the house, with pots and mugs, and tomato cans and handleless jugs, and farthings, imagination centred upon the flavour of the steaming cocoa and the plentifulness of the currants in the four-ounce rolls.

Farthing Breakfasts.

Eight o'clock strikes at last, and they tumble in, rags and mud and all. There is little spilt upon the floor, every drop and every crumb being precious. It is 9.30 before the little Hall is cleared and cleaned.

The Ensign has been up all night long, nursing a sick case, and she is just drinking a cup of tea, preparatory to going to rest for two hours, when a knock is heard at the door.

"Oh, please, will you come to Goat Court? Father's been paralysed two days, an' he ain't been moved yet, an' he do need somebody to see to him awful bad, an' mother's in bed with sores, an' can't turn out to do nothin'."

"My dear, I have been up all night, and am just going to rest. I cannot see to father this morning."

"Well, *who is to?*" asks the girl, not attempting to move. This is unanswerable. The Ensign flings on her slum hat and shawl, and goes to Goat Court. It is a sickening piece of work; the man is helpless and heavy, the woman groaning on a shake-down in the corner. The girl watches all that is done, giving feeble help here and there, but she has all her wits about her.

"You've made father very comfortable," she says at length. "*Now will you do mother?*"

To "do mother" is no light task, her sores not having been touched for many days. By-and-by, however, she is bathed, anointed, bound up with fresh lint and bandages, and is positively smiling with relief. Then the Officer gets under her shawl again, and takes her heavy eyes to the waiting pillow at home.

"Doing Mother."

Fortunately, both Officers have learned "First Aid," and taken a course of Home Nursing, and the Lieutenant

has already taken her bag, and gone off to dress the wounds of an old man, and attend to the needs of a bedridden woman, both of whom are being visited every morning. It is nearly two months since one of the Officers was sent for out of the night meeting to go and pray with the woman, supposed at the moment to be dying. The poor soul found peace with God, and every day since they have run in to dress her bed-sores, and make her comfortable for another long twenty-four hours of lingering pain.

An Irishwoman's Gratitude.

The Ensign had scarcely reached the bottom of the stairs after her rest when a loud single knock comes at the door. It is an Irishwoman, who wears both a clean apron and a smile, with a market-basket over her arm. The sight of her harks the Officer back to a Sunday afternoon two weeks ago, when the same woman stood, weary and travel-stained, at her door. Being Sunday, there was nothing for it but to give her a cup of tea with a little food, and fourpence for a night's lodging, but she had never expected to see the woman again.

Here she is, smiling and bowing, and holding out a shilling. "Ah, lady," she says, with another bow, "the fourpence ye gave me brought me luck. I've come to pay ye back. Give this to another poor craythur like me."

As she turns away, with honeyed blessings, a small boy comes up.

"The doctor's sent for yer, Sister. He's up at our house. He says come directly."

"What is it for?"

"Dunno. He says come directly."

As she shuts the door, the Lieutenant comes around the corner with a big bundle. "What have you there, dear?"

"I had to change three people this morning, and these sheets have to be washed," she explains, simply. "There was no one else to do it, so I brought them home."

"Better light the copper fire again," suggests the other, hurrying off to find the doctor busy with a case for which he needs another hand, a dirty slattern of a neighbour being the only person procurable, and to him an impossible helper.

Assisting the Doctor.

"I knew I could count upon you if you were at home," says the doctor, taking the Officer's aid as a matter of course.

Calls of this sort are hourly occurrences in the Slum Officer's day; calls to nurse the sick, to tend the dying, and to lay out the dead. She finds suffering patients needing poultices; she has to go and buy the linseed and make and apply the poultice; she requires a good supply

of ointment, lint, and bandages always ready; the doctor insists upon beef-tea and little light puddings for people who have neither ability to prepare them nor pennies sufficient to purchase the materials. *Somebody* must get them, and that somebody proves very frequently to be The Salvation Army. More frequently than not, the Ensign has some sick case on hand after her night meeting is over, for she and her Lieutenant often attend fifty and sixty poor and suffering people in one week.

"First Aid."

She changes her dress and gets a thoroughly good wash before dinner, intending to see a few of her own thirty or forty Soldiers during the afternoon; but the meal is not put away before a hasty series of thumps on the door announces a messenger too small to reach the knocker.

"Oh, come quick, Sister, do; our Tommy's scalded hisself awful!"

From the shoulder to the wrist the skin has been stripped. "Take him to the hospital," entreats the Ensign; "this needs most careful treatment."

"Wot d'yer think?" responds the mother, roughly; "I aint goin' to hev 'im die; I sent fer you, Sister."

Only the week before last a boy had his finger smashed beneath the wheel of a cart, and the Officer brought all her coaxing powers into play to get him taken to the hospital. With all the doggedness of

ignorance the parent refused, and to save him further suffering she did her best. The "smash" is healing up beautifully, but each success brings her more to do. It frequently occurs that both Officers are unable to be at their evening meeting together, one being called out to attend someone injured by an accident.

The most peaceful moments of their lives are liable to interruption. Many more times than the Ensign can count during her eight and a-half years of Slum service has she been called up in the night to stop a fight, and save a woman's life ; but in all that time she has never received a blow.

To-day, after a tiring afternoon for both, the Officers are taking a quiet cup of tea. Shrieks and yells from the next house compel attention. "That's Sandy Bill kicking his wife again," exclaims the Ensign, and runs instantly to the rescue.

A Slum Wife-Beater.

Down the stairs comes a woman screaming, her husband following her with a broom, with which he is positively laying her head open. A trail of blood marks their progress.

"Stop that instantly!" commands the little Ensign, flying to the woman's side; but, blinded by the blood, the woman stumbles, falling upon the Officer, who only just escapes rolling under her upon the floor.

The man retreats to the fastness of his chamber

above, while the Officer bathes the woman's head, temporarily binds it up, and takes her away to the hospital to get it strapped, both Officer and woman being well streaked with blood.

Peace-Making.

"Let 'er 'old my 'ead while you stitch it up," begs the woman of the hospital dresser; and so long as the "Sister" holds her she stifles her groans.

The Ensign hastens back to the scene of conflict, meets a policeman who takes her evidence, and proceeds upstairs to "have words" with the wife-beater.

She finds him virtuously engaged in a regular spring-cleaning, throwing every battered and useless article (of which there are many) into the dust-bin, and preparing to scrub the filthy floor.

"You mustn't throw quite everything you have away," she remarks, calmly; "that would mend. I don't think I'd send that," picking an article out of the over-piled dust-box. "Now, tell me what you beat your wife so shamefully for?"

"Well, Sister, it *was* bad of me, but you don't know the aggravatingness of her. Never a place to sit down—all rags and filth. I'm going to show that woman o' mine how to be clean. Why can't she clear up her house the same as you Sisters do."

The Ensign is too late back for the Open-air meeting,

but she arrives in time to ask for testimonies in the Hall. The first to jump up is a woman, who concludes her slight speech with the word "I do thank God for what the Sister done for me!"

A smile flickers over the Officer's face; she vividly remembers being sent for to a wretched hovel where all the window panes were smashed, in order that she might pray with an elderly woman thought to be dying. There was a bed, black with filth, a chair, and a table. In the chair sat an imbecile daughter, grinning vacantly; on the bed lay this poor woman, gasping with pain.

"I should like to get you to the Infirmary," said the Ensign, bending over the sufferer, "where you would have a nice clean bed and some good food."

"Oh, for God's sake—Sister—" gasped the sick woman, "not the workus—they'd—kill me—*giving me a bath!*"

That night the Officer stayed in the wretched room, the imbecile grinning on one pillow, the invalid groaning on the other. It was a gruesome time, but if she lives to the age of Methuselah the grateful patient will never forget the good nursing and cleansing which brought her back to life and health.

Nursed to Life Again.

"Let us get to bed, Lieutenant," says the Ensign. "Who knows if we may be called up in the night?"

And so they are; but that is the tale of to-morrow.

IV.

A DAY AT THE TRAINING HOMES.

A Salvation Army Cadet is a person who is undergoing a course of Training for future Officership.

The Cadets in the United Kingdom are trained at the International Training Homes at Clapton. These buildings, which are the property of The Army, together with the large Congress Hall, which forms a part of them, cover nearly two acres of ground. No less than five hundred men and women are housed in these buildings, with another hundred in other premises close at hand.

The Period of Training extends from early in January to the end of November.

The Staff engaged upon the work of training the Cadets number eighty-four. The Cadets themselves come from all parts of the Kingdom. Of those at present in Training, some seventy-five have come from Scotland, and fourteen from Ireland. They represent all classes of people, from the roughest and most illiterate to the educated and refined. Differing as they must of necessity do in temperament, character, and qualifications, they manifest remarkable unity in one thing—love for God and desire to bring men and women to know Christ.

"Rouse then, Soldiers, rally round the banner!
Onward! Forward! Pass the word along!"

CLEAR and insistent ring out the bugle-notes of the song, piercing the healthy slumbers of the five hundred Cadets who occupy at present the Clapton Training Homes for men and women. It is 7 a.m., and the newly-awakened imagine that they are the people who commence the Training Home day. If they but

knew it, their Principal, Commissioner Rees, was up two hours before they were awake, digging and delving in the mine of the Word, preparing the Lectures which shall guide and train them to be winners of souls and helpers of men, in all parts of the world.

When the Cadets sit down to their breakfast, at 7.45, the Commissioner takes his place at his office desk, as punctual to the moment as they are obliged to be. His secretary has been working upon the letters since their delivery at 7.15, and fifty or sixty epistles are opened, registered, and sorted for reply.

The Morning's Mail.

The letters vary widely in character. The first is a dispatch from the Chief of the Staff; the second reviews an important interview with him upon different phases of Training; a third deals with the contemplated acquisition of new property; a fourth is from an ex-Cadet, begging for "one more chance;" another refers to Cadets' clothing; one more is from Commissioner Pollard, on a matter involving financial outlay; the next is from the Architect, and deals with baths; number eight gives the price of potatoes; nine, ditto new bread-cutting machine; ten, from a newly-commissioned Captain, telling what victory he has had in his Corps; number eleven asks for spiritual advice in a difficulty, etc.; while the last, most important of all, gives the

dates for the British Commissioner's inspection of the entire Home.

Dictation must be speedy, and the most important picked out first, for at 8.45 there is an interview with the Chief Educational Officer, who brings the typed notes already prepared for the next Spiritual Day with the Cadets, on "*This One Thing I Do.*" Different Officers are responsible for attending to the spiritual, mental, and physical needs of the Cadets, and promptly on the stroke of nine there appears the General Business Secretary with plans for a month's special soul-saving campaign in the Corps attached to the Training Homes, and at which the Cadets undergo their actual practical training.

Family Prayers.

While all this has been going on, the Cadets, having breakfasted, have been engaged upon house duties, attended Family Prayers, and had half an hour's opportunity for private prayer and Bible reading. At 10.15, on four or five mornings a week, the Commissioner proceeds to the Lecture Hall, where all the Cadets are assembled for a Lecture. To-day the subject chosen is "OPPORTUNITY: *How to use it wisely and well.*"

Three-quarters of an hour is all the time allowed for the Lecture, as for all other classes, and this is followed by a Lesson on some Biblical or Doctrinal subject, close

on the heels of which comes a verbal Examination on the Lecture of the previous day. Upon the conclusion of the Lecture the Commissioner sits down with the Officer responsible for the Field side of the Cadets' Training, which include the time the Cadets spend in actual contact with the people at the Corps in the Training Home Division; each Corps being commanded by carefully-selected Officers. He brings—(1) particulars of a case in which a Cadet is charged with breach of discipline; (2) a list of the articles of furniture required for Field Training; (3) various suggestions for the improvement of the Cadets in their music and singing classes.

The Day's Work.

At 11.30 Lieut.-Colonel Dean (the Vice-Principal) makes his appearance with a list of subjects for Lessons on the New Testament, and a general review of the last two months' actual work; also bringing forward cases of Cadets needing special interviews or attention. He must be ready at 12 o'clock to make way for the Chief Officer on the men's side, who is responsible for the health, discipline, character and work of each man-Cadet, reporting upon each in turn. He is particularly concerned about the formation of character in two or three men, and desires to arrange interviews for them with the Commissioner, that they may be thoroughly dealt with.

He has scarcely unbosomed himself before 12.30 strikes, which is the hour for Lieut.-Colonel Lawrance, the Chief Officer of the Women's Wing. The Colonel wants certain alterations in the Women's Library; requisitions new articles of equipment; suggests an alteration in the hours for bathing; discusses the arrangements for sleeping visitors in connection with the coming International Congress; and submits the names of several women-Cadets whose health is unsatisfactory.

Responsible Duties.

At 1 o'clock comes dinner, and for an hour there is a pause in the busy whirl.

Different afternoons bring different duties for the Commissioner, Staff, and Cadets alike. For the two former on Monday there is a Caterers' Board, dealing with all things pertaining to the purchase and cooking of food. As this Board expends £7,000 annually for food alone, it must have upon it experienced people.

On certain days there is a Training Class for Officers, when every variety of subject is dealt with in turn—the subject of the next lesson, we learn, is "*Leadership.*"

To-day the whole afternoon is spent by the Commissioner in interviewing ten Cadets, taking turn for a talk with their Commissioner, Colonel Lawrance being also present in the interviews with women-Cadets.

Sometimes these are spiritual talks; often there are special difficulties of doubt, or discipline, or doctrine to be dealt with; frequently the subject is health. The first Cadet interviewed is a girl whose delicate health makes it desirable for everybody's sake that she should withdraw altogether; but the decision must be given her with the utmost gentleness and tact, so that the girl shall not be utterly cast down, and that she may return to her Corps and home feeling that there is still important work for her there.

The second is with a young woman who is sorely feeling the change of climate from the far north. She is discouraged at feeling ill without knowing why, and wonders, with the sudden nervous fear of a person who has never been sick, if she had not better resign than die! She is advised to wait patiently, shown the best things she can do in order to stand the change of climate, taught that times of trial and testing are in all God's dealings with men, and helped to wait in faith for the unfolding of His purposes for her. She leaves the room encouraged and cheered.

Personal Interviews.

The next Cadet has a great deal of latent ability, but needs a thorough stirring up. She is unaccustomed to consecutive thinking, is lax, and heavy. One would think she would never in all her life be able to forget the waking-up she gets this afternoon!

Then come the men. The first brings a doctrinal difficulty. He cannot understand The Army's teaching of Holiness, and is discouraged because he has not himself experienced the blessing he hears others around him speak of.

The next is a young married man who is greatly depressed because he fears that after all the sacrifices they have made, his wife is not going to be strong enough for the work of Officership. "But," he says bravely, "I have seen my wife, and we have decided that a short life spent in God's service is better than a long one in labouring for the bread that perishes. We want to be allowed to hold on and go through. We believe in prayer. God can make her strong enough if He sees fit."

Choosing the Cross.

The succeeding Cadet has requested this interview. He is immensely anxious to improve himself; asks how he can best develop his particular gifts; what line of reading he should take, etc.

The next is confused on some points of Army government, and would like them thoroughly explained, as one day he may have to enforce them upon others.

So the long afternoon wears away. No time is wasted, but where a soul needs help, or a mind direction, the Commissioner is both patient and

painstaking. Not one leaves him feeling that the interview has been hurried, or the matter in hand half dealt with. Equally varied is the afternoon's work of the Cadets themselves. Shorthand, Languages (French and German), "Field Drill" classes—at which instruction is given on the practical side of such necessities as speaking, singing, and leading a meeting—all have their turn on different afternoons.

Languages and Shorthand.

The evening usually brings either some special class or public meeting.

It is worth noting that the Educational Officer is custodian of 1,500 sets of Lecture Notes which will all be used during the Session. The Bible notes are graded in three classes, comprising 114 Lectures. Forty or fifty are devoted to the Field Officers' personal character; 39 whole sets to the Regulations which affect Field Officers; 148 deal with such subjects as:—

Life's Value.
Life's Possibility.
Habit.
Health.
Developing Character.
Soul-Saving.
Prayer.
Success.
Talking.
Temptation.
Influence.
Discouragement.
Hard Corps.
Adaptation.
Conscience.
Property.
Finance.
How to Command Attention.
Courtship and Marriage.

At the Public Meetings in the Corps to which the Cadets are drafted, to each one there is assigned some specific duty, it being well known that the manner in which it is discharged will form the subject of criticism on the part of the Officer responsible. An Open-air meeting in a Park, or outside a London Public House, offers any amount of opportunity for learning how to deal with a crowd of people. The inside meeting which follows is a planned onslaught upon the souls of men; lively singing, earnest prayer, heart-to-heart talking and persistent and persevering fishing and faith, often rewarded by immediate results in the shape of souls seeking God, sends the Cadets back "Home" encouraged, strengthened, and the more ready to take their places when the time comes as leaders of men in their work of Officership.

Learning to Fight.

V.

A DAY WITH THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

International Headquarters may be said to be the heart of The Army; and with equal truth the Foreign Office—that is, the Department dealing with all the affairs of The Army in lands outside the United Kingdom—may be spoken of as The Army's pulse. The throbbings and leanings of the distant sections are felt and responded to at the centre, and its advances and declines in vitality and power engage the mind and heart of the Foreign Secretary continually. He truly is in a position to rejoice with them that rejoice over some outpouring of the Spirit of God, and to mourn with those who mourn because of difficulties and set-backs in their particular portion of The Army's world-wide field.

The journeys of the Foreign Secretary bring him into a warm and sympathetic touch with the various Territories, and thus the Foreign Office is delivered from being simply a bureau of carefully collected and regulated information.

The Foreign Secretary occupies a unique position. On the one hand he represents the mind of The General and the Chief of the Staff to the Officers commanding in the various Territories, and on the other hand he is the ambassador of the Territories, representing at the centre their needs and desires, and does all that is possible to advance their interests. The claims of the Mission Fields are ever on his heart, and one cannot talk with him very long before one hears, in addition to glowing assurances of Divine blessing in many lands, the cry of the heathen, "Come and help us," or the restriction of operations for want of men and money in countries where the doors are open and the needs are great. Our present task, however, is to look into the doings of the Foreign Secretary when he is in his Department at International Headquarters.

Missionary Claims.

In no department of our International Headquarters are method and routine more severely necessary than in the Foreign Office. Lack of either would deprive the work of the Foreign Secretary of effectiveness, and reduce his day to a jumble of detail; for mails are so heavy, appeals so numerous, claims so universally urgent, foreign visitors so frequent, that each must fall into its appointed place to allow the wheels to run at all smoothly.

Naturally enough, the Foreign Secretary cannot read every letter as it arrives, although he must *know* of every letter. Except those marked "*Personal*," then, which only Commissioner Howard and the Chief of the Staff have a right to open, the contents of all correspondence is, immediately upon its receipt, condensed into a "*précis*" in this manner:—

INWARD MAIL.

NO.	WRITER.	PARTICULARS.
2,934	COMMISSIONER HIGGINS (*Bombay*)	Enclosing report *re* Distribution of Drugs by Divisional Officers. Colonel Nurani says: "Had very beneficial effect; softened prejudices." Lt.-Col. Yuddha Bai writes: "I believe many lives have been saved amongst Soldiers, Officers, and children." Adjt. Raj Putra says: "I have nothing too good to say about the same; helped me both materially and spiritually."
2,928	COMMISSIONER HIGGINS (*Bombay*)	*Re* Employment of Lads from our Industrial Institutes. A friend, a Locomotive Foreman in an important Railroad Depot, has volunteered to find employment for fifty lads, beginning as engine cleaners with Rs 6 to 8 per month.
2,874	LT.-COL. HIRA SINGH (*Madras*)	Am arranging in my next tour to meet the members of our Village Banks; also to complete Census of our Constituency.

INWARD MAIL.—*Continued.*

NO.	WRITER.	PARTICULARS.
2,943	COMMISSIONER HIGGINS (*Bombay*)	*Re* Emery Hospital, Major Secundar urges that a European Assistant should be appointed, as he cannot cope with the work, especially in view of the new building which is being erected.
2,873	BRIGADIER BAHADUR (*Poona*)	Herewith Language Report of the Satara Industrial Institution (in connection with the scheme for the distribution of Bibles and Testaments among the children).
H. 139	COMMISSIONER MCKIE (*Melbourne*)	Can parties of Zulus and Japanese be arranged to visit Australia in connection with this year's S.-D. Effort?
2,886	BRIGADIER MAIDMENT (*Buenos Ayres*)	Have recently visited Bahia Blanca, where the Government have given a plot of land for a Home and Mission to Seamen; have found great interest: will try to raise 1,500 dols. towards building; shall send full propositions by later mail; have received in our Shelter a distressed Roman Catholic priest, still wearing his habit and hat; also a French Civil Engineer and wife in distress.
1,814	LT.-COL. YUDDHA BAI (*Girdaspur*)	Chenab Canal Land Scheme. Have 100 families prepared to be transferred and bear their own expenses. Government would require us to be responsible for taxes. Mr. —— advises we take 3,000 acres; advisable we act immediately.

To ensure a proper representation of the work and needs of all countries reaching International Headquarters, every Chief Secretary throughout the world writes a Weekly Letter, in addition to the ordinary correspondence, dealing with matters of general interest in the country he represents. So much for the morning mails, with which the Foreign Secretary is thus able to acquaint himself much more readily and quickly.

Then for the business of the day. None of this is allowed to come haphazard. Business lists are prepared for the coming day by each of the Under-Secretaries. These lists ensure the saving of much time, every item of business being arranged under the name of the country to which it belongs. A glance at one or two show a vast variety of subjects:—

Order and System.

Visits of Officers to England; Emigration; Finance; Transfers; Property; Campaigns; Personal Matters *re* Officers; Administration; Staff Appointments; Translation and Publication of Army Books; Grants; Advice; Foreign Journals.

Those items are taken from one set of Business Lists for a particular morning in March.

In addition to these daily items, there are *weekly* Business Lists, comprising matters which can only be dealt with once a week on account of the mails being

only so frequently despatched. Here is one from the Asiatic side :—

India :—Changes in clothing ; Study of Languages ; Scriptures for Industrial Schools; Pensions; Furloughs; Reinforcements ; Almanacs ; Converts' Rolls.

All these Lists signify interviews with the various heads of departments ; also business conferences, when each item on the Lists is referred to the Foreign Secretary for decision.

Foreign Mails.

The Foreign Secretary must even write his letters according to routine. Opposite his desk hang large cards, changed every morning. To-day they read :—

Mails.	
Japan	... 5 p.m.
United States ...	... 6 p.m.
Canada	... 6 p.m.
South America ...	... 7 p.m.

No other business can be attended to until the letters for these mails are dictated or written.

The writer was permitted to look through several letter books, including the "Personal" letter book of the Foreign Secretary, and saw how far removed from the purely official or routine correspondence many of the letters are ; personal spiritual religion is stamped on every page, and evidently the Foreign Secretary devotes himself as carefully to many of the paragraphs as he

would to an address to Officers, or for a Holiness meeting. Commissioner Howard seeks to fan every spiritual flame, and to stimulate those with whom he corresponds to greater zeal and devotion.

The very finance is governed by system. There is a Board to-day at which the Requisitions for remittances to South America and Java come up. Another day pressing matters of finance from Finland or India or South Africa claim special attention. Each has its time, in the month or week as may be required.

Rather an interesting book is the analysis of all foreign *War Crys*, showing what proportion of space is devoted to every subject dealt with, how much to reporting The General's meetings, how much to the Territorial Commissioners' tours, how much to the Social Work, how much to Doctrine, etc. This gives the Foreign Secretary a sort of proprietary oversight of the fifty-five Army papers and periodicals published outside this country, makes it possible for him to reconcile administration all over the world, and secures harmony of teaching and government in north, south, east, and west.

Our Foreign Journals.

In addition to such Councils, interviews, and correspondence come important interviews with the Chief of the Staff. For these also Business Lists are carefully prepared and submitted to the Chief beforehand. These

interviews relate chiefly to matters requiring the highest judgment. For instance, an Officer abroad desires to purchase certain property for use in the Social Work. The Foreign Secretary says, "No, too great an outlay." "I should like you to *reconsider* this decision," writes the Territorial Commander, which means "Please take it to the Chief of the Staff." It is brought before him, he confirms or modifies the judgment of the Foreign Secretary. That is an end of the matter.

A record of all decisions made by the Chief of the Staff is absolutely needful. This means the keeping of yet another volume by the Foreign Office—the Decision Book. Conferences with Officers visiting this country involve certain decisions, or revisions of existing rules, of which the visitor makes notes as well as the Foreign Secretary. These are handed in after the interview and checked. The result being entered in the Decision Book puts an end to any disagreement on the subject which might afterwards arise.

Conferences with The General, at which the Chief of the Staff is usually present, call for much preparation.

The General's Campaigns.

Matters in which the policy must be determined by The General, also extension of work, and many difficult problems are submitted for The General's decision or guidance. Arrangements for The General's foreign tours are all made by the Foreign Secretary,

who has to see that all parts of the world are included in his visits, according to their claims.

It is no easy task to get into line all the schemes and plans of the many Territorial Commanders in the foreign field. "I want to do so-and-so," writes an Officer, full of eager enthusiasm for his idea. It would only serve to irritate him to say blankly that he cannot. Reasons must be adduced proving why it is impracticable or inadvisable, and a new proposition must be made to meet the case. Very delicate matters are frequently up for arrangement, and careful, just, deliberate decisions must be arrived at in every case, having regard to the good of The Army as a whole, as well as the particular country and Officer in question.

No small work is it to "brief" an Officer travelling out from England for special work or inspection. These instructions and information sometimes make a bulky volume. The same may be said of the Reports of a Travelling Special. These as well are lightly bound for future reference. And here again is plainly manifest the effort to make such visits a spiritual force and impetus as well as an official inspection of the Officers and their doings.

Continental Triumphs.

A heavy responsibility rests upon the Foreign Secretary for countries whose work requires subsidy from International Headquarters. This is often a

weighty burden. India, Japan, South Africa, West Indies, Italy, France, and Belgium all come upon the International Missions Funds for support. In Italy our Halls in the larger cities are usually well filled on Sunday with attentive audiences, nearly all intelligent men. In Belgium we have the opportunity of coming into touch with Socialists, and the hard-working degraded miners, who form a most neglected class of the population. In both countries a vast amount of work might be done were the means forthcoming to rent and furnish Halls and Officers' Quarters.

An Open Door.

Opportunity is not lacking; the Lord has set before The Army an open door; our way lies open into scores of towns; but educated men and women, with a serviceable knowledge of Continental languages, as well as funds to sustain the work until it becomes self-supporting, are not forthcoming as they should be. Nearly all the people amongst whom we work in these countries are miserably poor. The wages of the artisan classes often amount to no more than ten or fifteen shillings per week. The life of our Officers is a self-denying one, their weekly income for food and all personal expenses is always small, and must be supplemented if the work is to go on.

Things being as they are, continual appeals for grants are presented to the Foreign Secretary, whose

whole judgment and inclination are often on the side of supply when the state of the Foreign Service exchequer demands retrenchment. To curtail a flourishing work in this or that Territory merely for the lack of money and men, is often a very hard and painful part of Commissioner Howard's day. It is more than a refreshment to him to turn for a moment of cheer to reports such as places like Sweden and the United States, and Canada and Australia are able to send. A glance at the *précis* of two of their recent letters may be of interest :—

Money and Men.

From Colonel Povlsen, Sweden.—"The Sailors' Home at Gefle has been successfully opened. County Governor, Count Hamilton and others of the nobility present. The Governor spoke in sympathetic terms of the work done."

From Lieut.-Colonel Miles, New York.—"The Government has agreed to print and publish the Commander's Bill *re* Colonisation Bureau. Has received endorsement from the President of United Mine Workers."

"The City Council and business people of Minneapolis have arranged for The Salvation Army to have the old City Hall at a nominal rent. Splendid thing; best ever done for us in city. Merchants agree to pay $1000 per annum."

"Rutland, recently opened, proves very successful. Soldiers made are above the average; 90 per cent. of them are in uniform."

So it runs, hardness is linked with ease, failure with triumph, care with compensation, disappointment with praise. All these are woven into the day of the Foreign Secretary and his assistants; one element only is absent, and that—*monotony!*

VI.

A DAY AT A FRENCH POST.

BREAKFAST is over in the Officers' Quarters; the Bibles still lie open upon the table. The Adjutant, Captain, and Lieutenant are upon their knees, crying to their God for power to meet the indifference and incredulity of the people in the gay city of Paris; praying for opportunities to reach, through body or mind to-day, the souls which so often and so gaily elude their touch.

"Captain," says the senior Officer, as they rise, "you will be reading the lesson in the meeting to-night; there is a clear hour in which you might prepare for it before going to visit those two converts of last night. Lieutenant will attend to the household tasks, and I am going to visit Madame Pons, who is sick, and two or three Soldiers who are discouraged. We will meet at dinner."

Madame Pons greets the Adjutant with true French effusion. She has reason to love her. The Pons' home has been a very different one during the past

few months. Madame was a Catholic bigot a year ago, and her husband hated religion, believing that all religious leaders were only priests and preachers for the money they could get out of it.

His atheistic attitude greatly distressed his wife, who only felt safe when she attended Mass and went to Confession with the strictest regularity. Every day she went to church to burn a candle for her recreant husband. The money she spent in tallow would have kept a native missionary in India! She had always been a delicate woman; that gave her additional journeys to various shrines to pray for healing.

"Burning Candles."

"Ouf!" grunted her sceptical spouse on these occasions, "the more you go to Mass the more sick you get!"

One evening she went out on the Boulevard for a little air, and as she sat there beneath the trees, a Salvationist approached her with a bow and a programme advertising meetings in the Salle Auber not far away.

Knowing more of the immoral practices of the gay world around her than of these strange religionists, she began to question within herself if the invitation were quite as good as it should be. A lady passed.

"Madame—if you please," exclaimed she impulsively, "this—do you know if it is a gay house?"

The lady happened to know l'Armée du Salut, and reassured her at once. "But no, Madame, you may go there safely."

She strolled into the Hall, but there was a great disturbance, and she was much frightened.

"Calm yourself, Madame," comforted the Adjutant, running down from the platform to her; "it is nothing but a mother who has come to beat her child because he will come to the meeting. See, I will let you out by another door. Be sure you come again."

Contrary even to her own expectation, Madame Pons was found in the Hall the following night. It was a thoroughly good meeting; the testimonies and exhortations struck her as remarkable.

"It is a good religion; it will do very nicely for my husband. For me, I have my own religion; but he requires one badly, and this seems suitable."

Her husband was safely tucked away beneath the eider-down quilt when she reached home; but she attacked the subject nevertheless, and coaxed him to "go and hear the ladies talk." He promised. Thereupon she went early next morning to burn another candle, and to pray to the saints that he might turn towards the religion of l'Armée du Salut.

Praying to the Saints.

"How did you like it?" she asked eagerly, upon her husband's return next evening.

"It did not displease me," he said tentatively; "but I must find out if it is a religion of 'shop,' like yours."

The following morning she burned another candle, and again implored the good offices of several saints, and at night she safeguarded her husband to Salle Auber. While the Adjutant talked to the man—a fine, strong, clear-headed fellow—she danced about behind him, her hands clasped in a fever of anxiety, murmuring "Oh, pray that he may take it! Pray that he may take it!"—as though this religion were a species of infectious disorder.

The Adjutant gave him a New Testament to read, and for a week or two the man was very unhappy, while every day his wife burned a fresh candle.

"I am miserable," confessed he to the Adjutant, in one meeting; "but I cannot come to the Christ, for I do not *believe*."

"Then come to Him whether you do or no," was her response. "Come as you are."

Turning the Tables.

He rose instantly, knelt at the penitent-form, and began to pray, and that night was truly converted.

It was now the husband's turn to "burn candles," which he did by breaking off work in the middle of the morning in order to go to Headquarters, and beg the Officers to pray with him for his wife's conversion, and kneeling down with her himself every night to

plead with God that she might be shown how the true Light shineth.

Eight days after her husband had been converted, Madame Pons decided that she would become the same kind of Christian, cost her what it might to give up her old Church. She prepared herself for the penitent-form in a truly Catholic fashion, devoting the whole day to meditation, fasting, and prayer. It was a vital step, and she took it solemnly.

Preparing for Penitent-Form.

No wonder, as the Adjutant enters her sick-room this morning that she looks radiant, and gives expression to her joy. She and her husband are completely transformed, and their home is a little heaven.

Mademoiselle Blanc is the next on the list. She is a poor Soldier living in a tiny room on the seventh storey. All day she works hard, and there is no brightness in her life until she is able to wash away the dust of the day's toil, and go out to the meeting.

"But I am so glad to see you!" she exclaims; "I have something I wanted to bring."

She reaches from the cupboard a long netted purse, full of bright sous, and pours out a stream of them amounting to ten francs.

"It is for the good God," she says simply.

"I cannot take it," objects the Adjutant. "You cannot spare so much; you are very poor."

"Ah, but I shall be desolated if you do not! It is for Him who has done so much for me. Every day I pick out the brightest and prettiest ones for God, and it is the only joy I have."

"But what will you do if you are ill?"

"I will go to the hospital," is the quick reply; "the good God will care for me. To-day I must not be selfish; there is a paralysed woman next door to whom I must conduct you. She has no sunshine of heart from the good God, as I have. Come, and we will go."

An hour later, the Adjutant meets her Officer-comrades at the midday meal. The Lieutenant tells how her cookery was hindered by the visit of a young woman from Jersey, freshly arrived in Paris, who, because she had known The Salvation Army in Jersey, expected to be provided with safe lodgings and an escort thither. The *bouillon* had to attend to itself while the Lieutenant conducted her to the Hôtellerie (Shelter and Lodging Home).

Visits of Mercy.

The long afternoon's visiting is shared by each of the three Officers, each going in a different direction to accomplish more work.

It is seven o'clock before they meet again for supper and prayer. At 7.45 they go into the streets, armed with leaflets of invitation to the meeting; and,

like Madame Pons, many a sceptic and worldling is gathered in by this means who would never otherwise attend a religious meeting.

Cosmopolitan Crowds.

From 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. seem late hours to an English mind, but no Parisian congregation could be gathered earlier. The Salle Auber audience is a study in itself. Workmen in blue blouses, most of whom are more used to hearing of socialism than of salvation; seamstresses in black dresses, with well-arranged hair which is guiltless of hat or bonnet; a few older women in white caps; men whose scepticism has curled their very lips, and kindled a mocking light in their eyes; here a couple of tourists; near them a scribbling journalist; there an absinthe drinker; yonder an English Army friend; in the corner a Swede; behind him a Russian, who is evidently here for purposes of curiosity; right in the front a widow whose head is shrouded in black, but whose heart has been comforted and blessed a score of times in these meetings which she loves so well.

The platform is no less interesting. While the meeting progresses much as every Salvation Army meeting does, let us glance at the Soldiers and Converts.

That fine, tall fellow of twenty-four, in the uniform of the Municipal Guard, was for years a sorrow to his

mother. He volunteered for military service before his turn came, fell into deep sin, and for four years stifled his accusing conscience, and became at length so miserable that he contemplated suicide, only being held back by a secret belief in eternity.

Military Service.

A furlough of three months brought him again within the reach of his mother's influence; but, unable to bear it, he re-engaged himself for another term of four years. On returning to the barracks he found a comrade had been converted, who, to his surprise, talked to him about his soul.

About this time he received a leaflet announcing the meetings of The Army in Rue Auber, and attended one of them; but the talk of sin and its consequences was so straight he vowed never to go again. He bought a ticket for the theatre, and was on his way thither when someone put another Salle Auber leaflet into his hand.

"I have been," he said, briefly.

"Then will you come again?" pleaded the distributor.

He dropped the theatre ticket, went to the Hall, was more deeply convicted, and suffered torment all night. The next evening he returned, and flung himself at the penitent-form, truly seeking and finding God.

Now he prays and reads the Bible in his barrack

room, brings some of his comrades to the meetings, and brightly testifies before them. We cannot hear him to-night, because he is not wearing civil clothing, and may not take part when in uniform.

That slight girl on the other side has been through what would daunt many a strong man. Her mother first took her to The Army, thinking it a kind of play, where you could laugh as much as you wished. The next evening the girl went alone, was touched, enlightened, and converted. This she told to her mother, who looked alarmed.

"I Have Found God!"

"I did not take you for that; I took you only to laugh," she said. "If you wish to have a religion, you may be a Sister, if you like; but I would rather *kill* you than have you a Salutiste."

"Mother, I have found God; I want to follow Him."

"Choose which you like; be shut up or drop this Salvation Army."

"Mother, do not press me so; I must go again."

The mother seized her shoulder, forced her into a room, and locked her in with a jug of water and a loaf.

On the fifth day she went to her. "Will you renounce?" she demanded.

"Ah, mother, I never can!"

The enraged woman had brought with her a hatchet.

She leaped upon a chair, swung the fearful blade through the air, and held it aloft.

"I shall cut your head off if you do not give in."

Escaping the Hatchet.

The young girl knelt down in front of her, with her hands beseechingly clasped. "Ah, mother, do nothing so wicked," she implored; "for me, I go to Heaven; but for you it would be a crime; you would suffer through all eternity."

Down came the hatchet, narrowly missing the girl's head, but grazing her arm, and cutting her hand.

The mother rushed from the room, locking the door, and leaving the girl alone for two long days. She was faint with hunger and weak from loss of blood; often she sat and shivered by the hour with fright; but God upheld her, and gradually she learned to draw courage and comfort from Himself. At the end of the seventh day she was released, and bidden to eat; but for two whole years she went every night from her work to the meeting, and every night of those two years she was beaten by her mother, who would exclaim, "I shall have to finish by killing you!"

Things are a little easier for her now. A different kind of persecution has replaced the beating, and she is letting her light shine, and getting through the two years until she comes of age, when she will enter the Training Home to become an Officer.

Not far from her sits a Swedish woman. Many years ago she was a Soldier in her own land, but left God, and joined a circus which travelled in France. One day in Grenoble, she knocked at the door of the Quarters of this very Officer who is leading the meeting here to-night, and asked for the *En Avant*. The Adjutant felt there was a story behind the request, but it was long before she could coax it out of her. At last Ima burst into tears.

"Oh, I am so wicked! I, too, used to be good. I have my Bible and shield at the bottom of my box. My body rides in the circus, but my heart is in The Salvation Army!"

For more than an hour she cried. They gave her supper, and she wept bitter tears into that. She missed her rehearsal because she so wept that she could not stop. "I'm praying for you," said the Adjutant in parting; and she wept her way through the streets to the sawdust-covered floor, and flaring lights, and gaudy tinsel, and ribald talk which made up her life.

Out of the Circus.

She would have run away from it all that night had it not been penal to break her engagement, and she had no money to buy herself off.

Several times she visited the Adjutant, and always wept, and begged her to sing

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour!"

because far away in Sweden they had sung that when she was enrolled as a Soldier. Then the circus left Grenoble, and the Officers at Bordeaux were told to look her up. The Headquarters' Officers followed her movements for three years, having her met, and visited, and written to wherever she went. At last she had worked out her agreement, refused all entreaties to re-engage, went straight to Paris to the Adjutant she had known at Grenoble, and dedicated herself to God at the penitent-form for a wholly new life.

To-night you see her in full uniform ; she is assisting in the Women's Hôtellerie, and preparing very shortly to be an Officer. Listen, she is praying for the woman who has come out to be saved ; no wonder she cries to God to keep this new Convert faithful to her vows !

It is the last chorus—"All's well, I'm saved !"—the audience melts into the gaily thronged street—the lights are out—the Officers' day is nearly over, and the quiet of the little Quarters is welcome at last.

VII.

A DAY WITH AN OFFICER IN GERMANY.

As two or three departments fall to the lot of each man, the day of a German Headquarters' Officer is apt to be decidedly varied. The Staff-Captain, who seats himself at his desk promptly at 8 a.m., is frequently found there still at 9 p.m. He is Commissioner Oliphant's Private Secretary at Headquarters, and his Translator on his tours; he is the General Secretary for Junior Work, also Corps Cadets; he acts as Reporter for the Commissioner's meetings to the *Kriegsruf;* he is responsible for supplying copy for two pages of the German *Young Soldier* every week. He has been a German Field Officer, and Divisional Officer, and Training Home Officer in turn, and is using up the experience gained in each department every day of his life.

When he entered the door this morning, early as it was, there was already quite a number of Out-of-works clustered around it, waiting eagerly for some chance of employment, and failing a regular place, at least for a chance in one of The Army Workshops, with shelter

for the night. Several are shivering from insufficiency of clothing, and for these, at least, there will be some article of warmth and comfort from the store supplied freely by the largest warehouses of Berlin. Ten, at least, are here begging for work, who received a garment yesterday. Should there be none to give before midday, the most deserving will get a ticket for a meal in the Hall. During the past eighteen months 100,000 needy poor have been so fed.

Feeding 100,000.

That, however, is not the Staff-Captain's work. He sits down to deal with a variety of requests which make it appear that some such notion has got abroad as that the *Heils Armée* can do anything it is wished, and knows everything it is asked!

Two letters desire legal advice; three request servants; one asks financial assistance to pay the rent of a deserving family; another desires a loan; four are from men in the higher ranks of life, who have recently read articles about the *Heils Armée*, and wish for further information; two are from parents in remote villages, one of whom has lost a daughter, the other a son: both plead with us to seek until we find; while quite a pile are from Officers, dealing with likely property for new openings, coming campaigns, recent striking cases of conversion, requests for the visit of Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant; the last is from the editor of a magazine,

desiring the Commissioner to supply an article descriptive of the *Heils Armée* Social Work.

"*Show* us something, and we will believe your religion!" cries the German, and The Army has surprised him into both interest and admiration by showing him fourteen Social Institutions which are working out the physical, moral, and spiritual salvation of the people who use them.

Amongst the number are two more than usually interesting: one is the *Metropole for Single Girls*, with seventy-five beds, where, instead of being lodged in a family which has only a kitchen and one room for all available purposes (with perhaps six or seven children to share them), girls whose weekly salary is only 8*s.* can sleep cleanly and comfortably in the Metropole, two beds in one room, be supplied with hot coffee and rolls for breakfast, and all for 2*s.* per week. The other is the *Samaritan Home*, where the Slum and Nursing Sisters live. This might be five times as large, as the demand for them cannot possibly be supplied, work as hard as they may. The annals of this Home are teeming with stories of poverty-stricken houses which the Sisters have entered in order to nurse a sick wife, and have ended in getting both herself and her husband converted. In this city of Berlin, with its twenty-two Salvation

The Good Samaritans.

Army Corps, every such help to get at the hearts of the people is invaluable. The work is necessarily a slow one, although Germany, as a whole, has added 500 Soldiers to its Roll of Salvationists during the past twelve months.

The Staff-Captain's correspondence is cut short by the entrance of Commissioner Oliphant, with a neatly clipped manuscript in his hand. He has been writing an article for the *Kriegsruf*—the German *War Cry*, a paper which is amply worth perusal.

"We have only an hour and a-half before our train leaves, Staff-Captain Bauer; I will give you some special business now, and dictate the rest in the train. Here is another summons to the police station; a village Officer has been selling the *Kriegsruf* outside the boundary of her hawker's licence, and, as usual, they hold me responsible for her. That must be seen to at once."

"There is rather a cheering thing in this morning, Commissioner, you would like to know," says his Secretary, as he quickly arranges himself for dictation. "A girl has been in one of our Rescue Homes for a few weeks, before which she was charged with the double offence of thieving and immorality. Yesterday she had to appear to the charge, and you know how austere they are with such cases, as a rule.

A Double Offence.

'Where is the girl living now?' asked the magistrate. 'In The Salvation Army Rescue Home,' was the reply. The magistrate turned to her and said kindly, 'Well, my dear girl, you could not be in a better place in the world. If you only do as The Army tells you, you will become a good girl again.' He returned her to our care."

Fourth Class Travelling.

There are two or three Field Officers going by the same train as the Commissioner; but as he requires as much quiet as possible for continuing his work, he travels third class, and they go, as usual, fourth. This fourth class travel gives a wonderful opportunity for carrying on Army methods. Forty people will be in one compartment, sitting all round, all their baggage in as well, piled to the ceiling; men smoke, hawkers sell goods, organ-grinders play tunes. What more natural than that our three Field Officers to-day should start singing as soon as the train is well under way? One has an instrument, the people join in the chorus; we hear them through the window, and know that one of them is doing quite a business with *Kriegsruf* selling, for it is always so, and every *Cry* has the glorious message of deliverance by Jesus Christ from the power of sin.

In a quieter carriage there are still great opportunities for personal dealing, for the sociableness of the people

invariably leads to conversation, and it is no uncommon thing to be asked to "Explain Die Heils Armée" before one has gone far. Every kind of question is put concerning organisation, finance and doctrines. Germans are in no sense shy of putting queries!

Drunkards' Brigades.

One of the towns we shall pass to-day has a most enterprising Salvation Army Officer in it. He found a large number of drunkards there, and started a Drunkards' Brigade. He banded a certain few of his Soldiers together, provided them each with high leggings, a lantern, and a big net. They go out at night, find any poor wretch who may be incapable, and if too drunk to walk, they roll him up in the net, sling him across two or four men's shoulders (German drunkards are usually very weighty!), and carry him either to the Shelter or to his own home, as the case may decide. When he wakes up in the former he says "Where am I in all the world?" "In The Salvation Army. If you will work for it you can have some dinner." He frequently scorns work until the dinner-bell rings, then is so forcibly reminded of his own need that he starts work, and gets duly fed. Some remarkable cases have been the outcome of this venture.

The Field Officer has often a far harder fight in Germany than in England. The nation is not, as a

whole, open to religion. What there is of it is largely sentiment cloaked in formalism, the majority of the people are rationalists. The usual congregation consists of blank atheists and mere formalists—not a promising mixture. The former give a respectful hearing, but in their hearts they do not give credence to the message. "It is true from your standpoint," they say, "but not true in itself."

The hall we go to to-night is of quite a different order from many of our own Halls, which usually hold about 150 or 200 persons. It is one of the usual concert halls used for Commissioner Oliphant's meetings, holding 1,500 to 2,000 people. Before the meeting commences, it will be packed to the very doors. It is filling now with all sorts of outsiders; aristocrats, middle and working classes alike betray the greatest interest and curiosity.

As the Commissioner comes upon the platform he bows to the audience in true German fashion, and the audience bows back—strange sight to English eyes! The whole Salvation Army force in the hall is ten people. These are all engaged in door-keeping, etc., or actual assistance in the meeting. Many a time, when fifteen or twenty people have been at the penitent-form, every available person has been dealing with the souls, and even Mrs. Oliphant and the translator

A Hard Struggle.

have left the Commissioner to his own German on the platform, while they led some into the light of God.

The Commissioner begins his address by explaining The Salvation Army, and many nods and expressive looks are exchanged as he shows what is done for the *bodies* as well as the souls of the people. Gradually and skilfully he brings his audience face to face with its personal need of Salvation, and many show themselves convinced of a reality they still do not understand.

There is a restaurant attached to the hall, and the proprietor of both has come in to hear for himself.

"I also am religious," he volunteers, "and truly I am touched to-night."

"*How* religious are you?" enquires the Corps Officer at his elbow. "Are you sufficiently touched to take half the rent of the hall?"

The proprietor smiles broadly, but good-humouredly nods his head. "I will take off £2," he says, "and you shall pay me £1 10*s*. This convinces me."

Fighting for Souls.

The meeting will close at ten o'clock, and nobody thinks of leaving until then. Those at the back crane their necks to see what is being done to the people at the penitent-form. Two girls stand by the side of the keeper of a house of ill-fame; one of them has been faithfully dealt with about her life; she is in tears,

but glances fearfully at the dragoness, and dare not move. At last, she yields, and with a great cry falls at the penitent-form. A long time is spent with her; at length she rises, goes straight over to the girl she has left, throws her arms about her neck, and pleads with her. The brothel-keeper glares like a lion at the two, but does not interfere. At last the second girl gives way, and as she is led by her newly-converted companion to the mercy-seat, the hardened woman turns aside to weep unaccustomed tears.

"I Want to be Good."

"You will take me to your Rescue Home, will you not?" asks the first girl. "I want to be good."

The benediction has been pronounced, but for half an hour Commissioner Oliphant is kept busy talking to groups of people who "desire explanations" of this or that or the other in Salvation Army methods and aims.

It was in a meeting such as this that V—— V—— was brought into connection with us. He was a theological student of good family, a Berliner by birth. He continued to attend our meetings, became thoroughly converted, left the university, and offered for Army work. His family were greatly opposed to the step; they thought it a degradation; but he came with a glad heart, full of fire and energy, and is to-day a Cadet at a Corps, visiting, praying, *War Cry* selling, with untiring delight.

VIII.

A JAPANESE DIVISIONAL OFFICER.

The first business of the day is to turn one's sleeping apartment into an airy breakfast room; but that is not an arduous task in Japan.

About 6.30 a.m., the great *futon* (quilts) are rolled up and stowed away in a wall-cupboard, the *ama-do* (wooden outer shutters) are slidden out of their grooves, and the fresh, sweet air sweeps through the empty room, carpeted only with its inch-thick primrose-coloured matting.

Breakfast, which is served on odd little tables about a foot high, consists of a dark brown, thick, vegetable soup, containing beans, leeks, and onions, eaten with hot rice and pickles—always pickles!—followed by small cups of straw-coloured Japanese tea.

By eight o'clock the same little low tables are spread with writing materials. Adjutant Newcombe (an Irish girl, who has fought as an Army Officer in England, India, and, for the last seven years, in Japan) seats herself on the matting, in true Japanese style to write her letters and interview her visitors.

Should the weather be cold or rainy there is a front door with a sliding panel which can be opened and closed at will; but as we see her this morning, two sides of the room only remain, and there is nothing to hinder her from drinking in the freshness of the outdoor world—which at this time of year is a garden of beauty in its wealth of plum and cherry blossom.

Life in the Open Air.

"*Gomen na-sai!*" ("I beg your pardon") says a polite voice from without.

"*O hairi na-sai*" ("Please come in") responds the Officer.

Enters then Takamoto—having left his shoes at the door—a young Officer who has come to explain some difficulties and ask for advice. He is discouraged, and wants to be made cheerful again and sent away full of hope. He visibly revives, and joins earnestly in the prayer that follows their talk.

In five minutes he is succeeded by Hayashi, a Captain who has been owned of God in his work, but who has very much to learn.

"I want more spiritual life," he says; "I am unable to get it in the common rush of everyday things. I want to go away for forty days into the desert to pray. Just where I am I cannot get blessed as my heart craves."

It is the old Oriental idea, that to be very religious

one must be wholly separated from one's daily tasks. With care and patience the Adjutant shows this devoted soul that just where we are, and just as we are circumstanced, lies the way of blessing, and teaches him more than he ever knew of everyday sanctification. He is sure beyond a doubt that God has called him to the work he is striving to do well, and in that hour he learns the lesson taught to the nobles of old, "They saw the God of Israel, and did eat and drink."

A Lady Interpreter.

Hayashi's black *haori*, with its white arm crest, has scarcely disappeared when a girl's striped kimono appears, and O Tsuru San (Miss Stork) is seen dropping her shoes and mounting the steps in her spotless white *tabi*, with divided toes. She is a native helper, and our first interpreter. Home difficulties oppress her, and she has come for a little prayer and talk, after which the rueful face grows rounder, and she leaves us beaming and bowing.

A convert to whom Army discipline is utterly new is the next visitor. "I do not like such and such a Regulation," he says; "I would like it altered!"

This gives an opportunity for a little wholesome teaching concerning the government, breadth, and methods of The Army, and the "reason why" which underlies our apparently most insignificant rule. He sees he has become part of a gigantic and world-wide

concern, which, although it adapts itself to various nations and peoples, yet brings to all alike its fundamental principles, on which great national erections may be spiritually built.

These interviews are all-important, and must be most patiently conducted. The Eastern mind cannot be hurried; to deal too promptly with a man is to lose him; he bows and thanks you, but he is unconvinced, and never comes again. Plenty of time and plenty of trouble expended win to your side the mental balance, and the Jap is willing to see if you are patient enough to show. His spiritual difficulties nearly all come from his special Japanese way of looking at things; he dissects his spiritual emotions and difficulties a good deal, and must see the clear daylight of truth before he relaxes his grip of his misty notions and distorted ideals.

Native Difficulties.

These four interviews have occupied two hours. It is 10 o'clock, and quite time to mount our bicycles and set forth to visit the Corps arranged for to-day. There are between thirty and forty miles to travel, and the country roads are very bumpy, therefore the machines have to be thoroughly strong.

Lunch is taken at a tea-house by the way, where for twelve *sen* (threepence) one gets soup, broiled fish, pickled plums, hot rice, and of course tea.

Every Corps in the Adjutant's District has to be visited at least once a fortnight. She must inspect the books, talk over any possible difficulties, help the Officers, and undertake special work. All the country Corps have Outposts—one, two, or three. There are Local Officers to see; special visits to be made to outside friends, with whom a call from a European Officer has more weight; Junior Work has to be looked after here and there; this fortnightly Corps inspection is most important in the infancy of our work.

We find the little Quarters in a room over the Hall, and all sit down upon the floor to talk over the business needing attention. The Captain has most encouraging news to tell us of *War Cry* selling, which is a distinctive feature of our work in Japan. He and his Lieutenant have been attending one of the great public festivals—of which each village, as well as each district, has its own every year. It is a gigantic picnic, for though these festivals are of religious origin, a few priests do the praying for the crowd, while the people amuse themselves.

A *War Cry* Picnic.

For a district festival we have special numbers of *The War Cry* printed, and often sell a thousand copies in a day. There are all sorts of side-shows, and The Salvation Army has the biggest "show" of any when the Open-air

ring is formed, for the Soldiers of the district view such an occasion as a welcome reason for a "day out," and they throw themselves into the Open-air work with enthusiasm.

On this occasion the Captain tells us how he and his Lieutenant toiled up the mountain with all the pilgrims—it being an act of merit to ascend it upon that particular day in the year—and found blessed opportunities of conversation with enquiring souls upon the way. The meeting held at the top they kept going for hours, one of the tea-houses regaling the Salvationists with tea and sweetmeats, feeling themselves quite repaid by the gift of a few *War Crys*.

We take our evening meal with the Officers, more vegetable soup, hot rice and a fried egg, with the inevitable cup of tea, without sugar or milk, to follow.

Tea without Sugar.

It is quickly time for the Open-air meeting, which is always our best opportunity in Japan. Many people will stand and listen, frequently remaining the whole hour, who would never enter our Hall. The Officers' very best efforts are necessary out of doors. Those who are impressed will come afterwards to enquire what we mean, but in these country places they are very shy of entering. One may be sure that those who do come are thoroughly interested and desirous to learn more.

One half of the Hall is raised eighteen inches and carpeted with thick matting. On this the Soldiers sit, minus their shoes. The lower half has an earthen floor, with seats for the coolies who are wearing tight clothing, and who cannot therefore crouch comfortably on the floor. These still wear their shoes.

Amongst the converts on the low platform are one or two interesting cases. Yamamoto, there, was a great drunkard, he was attracted to one of our festival Open-airs, and before the close of the day was truly converted. He is an educated man, lost a good literary position through his drinking habits, but has now gained journalistic work upon the staff of a newspaper, and is doing well.

The man next to him went home to his people last Sunday night, and said, "I have changed my religion." "Ah," said they, "it is one of these modern developments!" They took it as much a matter of course as if he had bought a new coat, cut in the European fashion.

"Changed my Religion."

It was from this Corps that Yamasaki came, a bright young fellow in the Japanese Army. He was converted here, fought as a Salvationist for a time, was called up for military service, sent to Formosa, and kept on the Chinese coast for over a year, and in all that time had no sort of spiritual help. Adjutant

Newcombe was holding a meeting in Tokio one evening, when a man in military uniform stepped up.

"I hear you are the Officer," he said. "I too am a Salvationist. I am Yamasaki, and God has kept me saved wherever I have gone. This is my first night back in Japan, and I have come out to seek The Army, and to let you know that I am growing strong in God."

A Button-holing Meeting.

The prayer-meeting is a long, slow business. It is practically a kind of *button-holing meeting;* the Adjutant, as leader, does not pretend to keep prayer and singing going: she watches the enquiry work, and stops an argument if it gets too long. The meeting is composed mostly of young men who have remained to ask questions, and it is a most important part of the training of our Officers to teach them how to avoid useless argument. The young men of the country are principally agnostics, and would argue for ever.

Two have come to kneel at the penitent-form, and pray for light and salvation. This is the usual thing, as the people who stay to these after-meetings really mean business. Now the mighty thing is to get these two *linked on to God* before they go home. There must be no hurry, no restless thought of getting home, or of the lateness of the hour. Their salvation

is the goal before us, and we stay until we have reached it.

It is a long ride back to the Divisional Headquarters, under the stars; but as we spin along over the bumpy roads, we feel that it has truly been a good day.

OUR WORK IN JAPAN.

Corps and Societies	39
Officers and Cadets	64
Required during 1904, for Maintenance and Extension, over and above amounts raised locally	£4,000

IX.

A DAY WITH AN INDIAN OFFICER.

TING-A-TE-TONG-TONG-TONG !

It is five o'clock. On the verandah of the Divisional Headquarters, the dusky face of the Cadet, whose business it is to rouse his sleeping comrades, is turned over his shoulder to observe the immediate effect of his efforts with two steel bars; his teeth gleam in a satisfied smile when a jalousie near is pushed by to allow a dark head to appear, and a somewhat sleepy voice responds "Hallelujah!"

A few moments for reflection and prayer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jeya Kodi arises from his charpoy to perform his brief toilet, and wait upon his God, before calling for the inevitable cup of tea which commences the early working day.

At 6.30 the party of Cadets selected for the day's village visiting is ready to start. There are not more than seven miles to travel, but there are half a dozen villages to visit, and the day will quickly be hot. Through stretches of sugar-cane, and low-growing

wheat fields, the party wends its way, the Cadets chanting the words of a Salvation Song to a low, weird melody, while the Colonel confers with an Officer upon some matter concerning the War.

The mango groves are full of gay, chattering parrots, who shriek and preen themselves as the *Muktifauj* passes by; on the sunny sides of the tree lizards are feeling the goodness of the day, and small deer look through the groves, wondering if for them this is likely to prove a peaceful expedition.

At last we see the black thatched roofs of the mud huts, and over our heads circle flocks of wild pigeons, blue and grey. On a low wall encircling a well sit three women, chatting lazily, while another stands near with a vessel in her brown hand, chewing cardamoms.

"We will go to the house of Jai Kurani," says the Colonel, selecting by a motion his own party of six. "You, Captain, will take the other half-dozen Cadets to the house by the lower well; they asked us for a meeting in their compound last time we came. Gather all together for prayer whom you can get."

Waiting at the Well.

We are quickly made welcome by a worker in brass, who throws down his tools, and bids us be seated beneath the sesham tree in his compound. Two small bronze figures, clad only in waist-cloths, fly in different directions to make our coming known, and from several

houses issue would-be worshippers, who salaam and sit down on the ground, eager for a meeting. Those men who work in the fields are all away. That man to the right is a weaver of cloth for turbans; he is not a Salvationist, but he loves to join us for prayers and to ask some of the questions with which his thoughtful head is filled.

Boycotted Salvationists.

See this one coming who salaams with so bright a face! *Muktifauj* has cost him dear. The head man of the village is against us, and, as is so frequently done, he brought against this man an entirely false charge. The native police appeared one day, and searched the village for some brass vessels which had been stolen. Out of this Convert's house they bore the vessels in triumph—having first carried them in concealed in their clothing! He was locked up, protesting vainly. Headquarters was informed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Jeya Kodi communicated with the Deputy Commissioner; but before he could interfere the man was brought to trial, and sentenced to twenty lashes.

The religion of these Converts is well tested in one way and another. They are refused work by the higher castes if they are Salvationists—practically boycotted for a time; they are called names and threatened; they have the police and, in many cases, the head men against them, and are often turned out

of their houses. Against all this they hold on, and pray, and sing "Hallelujah!" through their darkest days.

While we think about it all, and take odd notes of our surroundings, the Colonel's little meeting has been proceeding, and we trudge on to the next village, two of our number having visited a sick man while the people were being dealt with.

It is but two miles away, but here we shall have a great crowd. We shall be just in time for the midday dinner hour, when many of the men come home from the fields.

Yes, there they are; the first group has already arrived. The women are ready for them with their little fires made up of refuse, and the crisp edges of the brown chupatties bespeak an appetising meal. Here comes a woman with a little pile of them for us. "The *Muktifauj* must be fed," says she, "for they are holy people, and one will acquire merit who lets them not hunger." Others are evidently of her opinion, for here comes a vessel of smoking curry, little square blocks of potato showing up amongst the chicken of which it is composed. We take a broad leaf for a plate, and sit down under the nearest mulberry tree to dispose of our share of curry and rice.

Feeding the Muktifauj.

As there are certain trees in the village devoted to

certain castes, we can take our choice of a congregation by pitching near. Some will listen as they lie upon their cots to rest, but the most eager gather closely round.

Overcoming Caste Difficulties.

Were we on tour instead of visiting for a single day, we should have our bullock-cart, pick up dry wood for a fire by the way, and camp under a tree half a mile from the village, preparing our midday meal in our own cooking vessels. Then the villagers would walk out to us, bearing gifts of sugar-cane, attar (a kind of flour), mangoes, and water-melons. Were the Colonel's wife with us, we should probably carry a tent also. As she could not come to-day, we get no women to sit around our groups; they never attend when only men are conducting. For the same reason, we have no single Officers over our Corps; the Cadets around us are all young married people.

Yon tall Sikh is the head man of this village. He and his countrymen are fine fellows, and treat us with great courtesy. They are either high-caste or Mohammedans, which makes it impossible for them to mix with the crowd of lower-caste people who mostly frequent our meetings; but many Sikhs have been converted through the *Muktifauj*, and some are Officers.

Great as is this clear, midday heat, it is not sufficiently overpowering to dry up the flow of questions

which some of these bystanders desire to pour in our direction. Not one answer must be shortly dealt with; our influence for good depends upon the patience and tact with which we respond.

"Why," asks an embroiderer of shawls, "do you dress as you do? You are a European, yet you do not wear a Sahib's dress."

"You would not speak to me so freely were I in Sahib's dress," answers the Colonel; "so this dress gives me a chance to speak to you about our Salvation."

A shopkeeper, whose whole store is displayed beneath yonder sesham tree, chimes in here with a statement concerning his own religion.

"What good has your religion done you?" asks the Colonel.

"Oh, we believe not in many gods, but in one," interposes a thoughtful-looking man of high caste. "Is not that enough? Is it not sufficient that we pray to the One True God?"

This gives the opportunity of a forceful little talk upon the Divinity and sacrifice of Christ. The group is evidently impressed by the Colonel's last sentence: "Our religion brings blessing; *in this life* are we delivered from sin through our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Heathen Ignorance.

Although the embroiderer of shawls tries to turn the conversation by his question, "It is sinful to kill

animals; do you not think so?" yet the talk drifts back to the astounding statement that "*in this life* are we delivered from sin." There are many thoughtful listeners.

Native Officers.

Rest-time is over, the men are returning to their work in the fields, and after a visit to a man who has lately been in great trouble, all must go on. Word has been passed to the next village that the party is coming, and half-way thither we are met by one of our village Envoys, of whom we have quite a number in a certain large district. These men are natives, working in the fields, or at some trade; but quite admirably they take the place of Officers, holding a certain number of meetings in the week, visiting one or two Outposts, praying with the Soldiers, and speaking with all they can, and attending the Officers' weekly meeting. The work goes on just as though we had Officers in their place. They now receive a couple of rupees per month; but for many months these Envoys worked indefatigably, shepherding the native Soldiers, without either fee or reward.

We are now coming in sight of a village where two of our Converts underwent a very trying experience. They were arrested by the police upon an altogether false charge. They were promised release upon the production of three rupees, which they did not possess.

A money-lender in the village lent the sum, and, the Converts being released, they sent word of their mishap to Headquarters. The Colonel foresaw the necessity of evidence, so he visited the money-lender himself, paid the debt and secured a receipt, in which the name of the policeman who received it was opportunely inserted. The next step was a visit to the Deputy Commissioner, who made enquiry through his chief clerk, but no policeman could be found of the name given. The Commissioner naturally believed his own staff to be right, and the Colonel to be wrong.

"*I* could find the man," suggested the latter.

"My conveyance is at the door," replied the Commissioner. "You are welcome to try."

Clerk and Colonel drove off to the village, and the policeman in question happening to be in the station when they arrived, they took him back to the Commissioner there and then. The Colonel produced the receipt as evidence, and the offender was promptly punished. Such incidents, painful as they are, serve many valuable ends. They make manifest the genuineness of the work of grace in many hearts; they silence the oft-repeated calumny that the Converts are merely "rice Christians."

A Cruel Wrong.

"Is the Mem Sahib with you to-day?" asks an old mother, anxiously.

"Unfortunately not," is the reply.

"My daughter makes pilgrimage to another world, and she cries for one to show her the way. The Mem Sahib sang to her, and made prayer to her God, and she would fain see her again."

The wife of the Envoy is directed to see the girl, but the incident has reminded the Colonel of the first native girl Cadet who gave herself to the work, and he tells us the story.

"Her name was Poonan, and she was but eighteen years of age," says he. "Her 'call' came in a united village gathering, when Soldiers from various parts of the district were testifying to salvation. I noticed this girl standing on the outskirts of the crowd, with the tears running down her cheeks. Her mother was a widow, and Poonan her only child, and a good Salvationist. 'I believe God wants me to go and work for Him,' was the girl's explanation when one questioned her concerning her tears.

Saved to Save Others.

"Two or three hours later, in passing through the village, I heard much wailing and weeping, and saw a house full of people. 'What is the matter?' I asked, fearing someone was ill or dead. 'Poonan is giving her mother farewell, to go as an Officer,' was the answer. She had lost no time!

"We trained her, and sent her as Lieutenant to

a large Corps. Cholera broke out. Poonan fearlessly visited the people, caring for their sick and tending their dying, until the dread disease attacked her also, and she died in the midst of her people. She was one of the bravest of our fifteen hundred Indian Officers.

Saved from Starvation.

"Of course, women Officers are greatly needed in our Schools. You know we have four hundred Day Schools in operation in India, with ten thousand children on the registers; they form a most successful branch of our Indian work. Then in our Famine Industrial Schools we have over six hundred children who were rescued from starvation and death during the great famines of 1897 and 1899. Oh, if people in England only realised the burdens which lie upon us from day to day, they would be far, far more generous with their gifts for India!"

"Someone is desiring to make you a gift now, Colonel," we suggest, drawing his attention to two women who have come up shyly to offer vessels of milk. The milk is sweetened with sugar, and there is fat swimming on the top of it; but the Colonel accepts it gracefully, and in a few moments we are all supplied with what proves to be part of our supper.

"We shall not be home before midnight," explains the Divisional Officer. "The best meeting of the day

comes after the people have got home from the fields and cooked their supper. It is cool then, and there is no hurry—there is no hurry in all great India!" he concludes smilingly.

"I have had some curious experiences at night in this country, and some strange deliverances," says the Colonel. "You know when the monsoons burst on the hills many of the rivers suddenly come down into their dry water-courses, gigantic floods twelve or fourteen feet high. The natives cultivate the water-beds in the dry season, and sleep in grass huts there to protect their vegetables. Consequently, when the waters come down suddenly in the night they are sometimes drowned in hundreds. On one tour I took towards the end of the dry season, we had slept in the river bed on the sand for a week. On the seventh night we had finished our meeting, and were going to our little camp, when we met a dozen young men returning from their temple. They pressed us to turn back with them and 'explain our religion,' and we adjourned to one of their verandahs, where they gave us food. We talked so late into the night that they spread mats and cots on the verandah, and begged us to stay. In the morning we returned to our usual sleeping-place, and found the river flowing from bank to bank, twelve feet deep!"

Monsoon Terrors.

"Were those young men really anxious enquirers?" we asked curiously.

"Indeed they were, like many more high caste young men who visit our Headquarters for conversation. The leader of that particular party came to see me several times after that night, and really got saved. Oh, the chances that lie thick all around us in this country! Would to God we had five times as much money and ten times as many men to embrace these opportunities!"

It was midnight when the long day's work and walking came to an end, but it had been fuller of opportunity than we could have imagined. It had been a ministry to really eager souls, hungering and thirsting to know the way of true life—a day worth having been lived.

OUR POSITION IN INDIA.

Corps and Outposts	2,029
Officers and Cadets	1,538
Schools	431

X.

A DAY WITH AN EDITOR.

He began it in the middle of the night.

Four hours earlier he had gone to rest, burdened with a desire for which he could not find adequate expression: the striking of a deeper chord in the heart of his readers for getting sinners saved. How best to express it in a journalistic sense, the impression of it through picture and text upon the minds of those whom the papers would reach, this was what puzzled him waking, and troubled him sleeping.

Suddenly the idea came. It thoroughly wakened him, and in a moment he was in his dressing-gown, lighting a candle to write down the burning thoughts. The draft for a *War Cry* frontispiece to set it forth was lightly sketched out when dawn broke, and the shriek of early newspaper trains broke the stillness of the new morning.

"That article," he said, as he rose and stretched himself, "illustrates a principle which runs all through The Salvation Army. One cries, another hears, and

there is a Shelter. One heart breaks, another runs to bind it up, and there springs up a Rescue Home. One shivers with cold and faints with hunger, another leads him to a smoking breakfast, and there rises an Elevator—a Labour Bureau—a Land Colony—an Over-sea chain of Farms. A man cries to God, and God answers him through his brother-man!"

Looking for Ideas.

Writing, proof-reading, interviews, vary the order of the Editor-in-Chief's day, and with it the hours at his desk, or on the platform, or in the railway train.

This morning he works for an hour upon a set of proofs before he leaves home, devoting himself in the train to a bundle of printed matter which he is going through for ideas.

At ten o'clock there is an Editorial conference. This morning it is on *The War Cry*. Just as he is going into it, the Editor of *The Young Soldier* comes in with some artist's work which needs some alteration, thereby incurring expense. A boy hands him a note, as he turns once more towards the door. It entails the abandonment of a series of articles in *The Social Gazette*. An answer must be given instantly; the Editor is called, and a new scheme set afloat. The Editor-in-Chief walks to the window, and, in apparently wrapt study of the dome of St. Paul's, racks his brains for a new line, strikes it, and, turning to the waiting Editor, rapidly

details a plan, and directs that somebody be sent to collect information upon the subject at once.

"Commissioner Nicol! Oh, just a minute," cries an Officer, as he crosses the corridor.

"Can't stay—Conference waiting—see me at twelve," he says, and enters the Council Room, where he finds three Staff Officers of repute and experience in our literary and journalistic world.

The business this morning is the programme for the next number of *The War Cry*. Each programme is worked almost like a plan for a house, and must provide adequate accommodation for the varying subjects which ought to find space beneath its roof. Yet it is not a mere *mechanical* plan. Anybody could draw that. It must be a programme which allows room for a live thing. *The War Cry* must breathe out:—

The Spirit of the Papers.

1. *The Spirit of Attack.*—It must show up sin, and convict sinners; reveal abuses; throw search-lights into dark corners; rouse men to see the need of battle.

2. *The Spirit of Aggression.*—To *see* is not enough; men must be led on to *fight*. There must be inspiration on every page. It must be burdened with living truths, and quick with glowing messages. It must help men to fight so as to win; to fight even to the death. It must appeal for Candidates. It must get money to carry on the war.

3. *The Spirit of Holiness.*—It must be a thinker, a teacher, a preacher, an ambassador, as well as a fighter and a beggar. It must create within men a soul-hunger for God, and must therefore be in union with the Holy Spirit, who alone is sufficient for these things.

4. *The Spirit of Sympathy.*—It must widen the world's conception of Christianity. It must open the hearts as well as the eyes of men. It must comfort the sorrowing and afflicted, and speak to the prisoner in the sick chamber. It must make one man exclaim as he puts it down, "Jesus Christ is my strong Helper." And it must lead another to say, "Those poor starving wretches in Stanhope Street, they haunt me. I must send a cheque at once!"

Casual Wards and Crossings.

To see that every Paper breathes out all this in some form or other is the duty of the Editor-in-Chief. He has to exercise care; to cultivate impartiality; to secure the interest of the reader; to uphold the dignity of The Army. In order to compass it he has himself spent many hours in the sick rooms of his readers, and many nights in the streets of the great cities, visited Casual Wards, ground an Italian hurdy-gurdy, swept crossings, and done a dozen other things. To expose a moral sore, he has engaged a room in a black spot in the heart of London, and sent two women journalists to live amongst the people, until the details were all within

their grasp. He has sent one into domestic service, another into a mill, a third into a common lodging-house, and others elsewhere as occasion demanded and as information was required. He has to be alert to every call, awake to every need, and very much alive unto God, if he would fill the position which he holds.

"What about this plan, Commissioner?" says one of the Council, laying before him the details of a new scheme.

"What do you expect to accomplish by it?" comes the quick query. "The dramatic effect is good, but as you have it it will not *do anything.*" He pencils here and there, dashes one division, and chalks in another. "Now, try that."

"How is this for a page?" asks another.

"That will cost too much," puts in the business Brigadier. "Half those illustrations would do. Don't you think so, Commissioner?"

The Eye and the Soul.

"No; that article must appeal to the *eye*, or it will make no impression. Cut out the blocks from page so-and-so, that will equalise expenditure, and do less over-running here, and here."

"I do not like that section," further comments the Commissioner. "The proportion you have allowed for teaching holiness is too small. You scarcely realise yet *the power of a page!* Why, I was lecturing the

Cadets at the Training Home one week, and out of one hundred and fifty present I found that twenty-three had obtained Full Salvation, and forty-five had become Candidates through reading our literature. Let that sink into you, and remodel that page with the thought in your mind." He hands it back.

Fruits of our Literature.

"By the way, I did not like that copy of So-and-so's—the report of the British Commissioner's meetings. That new man is beginning all wrong. Make him see the difference between an ordinary reporter and a Salvationist. He must learn to become part and parcel of the campaign he reports—pray and fish, and catch the spirit of the meeting. His pars are dead. Send him to The General's meetings next Sunday, and let him report all day for practice; we shall not reproduce it, unless it be very different work from this."

"What do you think of that production of Captain So-and-so, Commissioner?" asks one present. "I laid it on your desk last night."

"Promising man. Might send him into me directly after dinner. I want to show him a few things. Jesus went down to Jericho, and a Salvation Army journalist must make men feel he has done the same thing. He has language and a certain amount of power, but he does not write from a palpitating soul. He must *feel* and let his feeling manifest itself."

One of the small Council then lays a pile of information before the Editor-in-Chief, briefly analysed. It is intended for a later *War Cry*. He glances it through, and directs its treatment:—(1) Standpoint from which it must be written up; (2) Space to be occupied; (3) Moralisation required; (4) Illustrations.

"Put So-and-so on to this information," he says; "and make him see that we are not mere chroniclers in *The War Cry*, but teachers of holiness, of principles, and of progress.

"Time is getting on; are we about through? By the way, you might lighten those reports of adjectives a little; they're uncommonly heavy this week; I have scored a few pars. And that salvation article of yours, Major, lacks crispness. Throw in a spice or two of illustration; you have plenty on that topic."

"Artist waiting to see you, sir," says a voice at the door. "Appointment."

In two minutes the Editor-in-Chief is seated in his own office opposite the artist, a portfolio of drawings on the table between them.

The Power of Pictures.

"I know it is very difficult to portray the *spirituelle* of The Army unless you have caught its spirit—and that would not do you any harm, Mr. Z——! (this with a pleasant smile)—without our point of view a very little puts the picture out altogether. Look, that

one stroke has turned this Army bonnet into a caricature.

"Well, Commissioner," returns the artist, "no one gives me more trouble than you Army editors; but there is no one I'd rather work for. You do know what it is you want."

A Frequent Verdict.

A lad enters, with proof, which comes from the Printing Works at St. Albans three or four times a day, and the artist goes.

An instalment of "copy" arrives with the next knock, which is glanced over, and labelled, "*Interesting, but not useful. Rejected, A. M. N.*"

"The Chief of the Staff wants you, sir."

Away flies the Editor, leaving whatever he may be engaged upon. The immediate business concerns a proof-sheet, which is rejected by the Chief.

But there is more business on the Chief's Agenda, which the Editor often compares in his mind to Moses' burning bush. The list, each item a sort of live coal, is exhaustless!

But he relishes the conference which comes about once a week, for the Chief is analytical, constructive, and encouraging.

"Sit down!" The order is the invariable indicator of serious questions. To-day it is a summer issue of *The War Cry*, and the Chief illuminates the proposal right away with a galaxy of ideas. Fourteen folios of

the Editor's note-book are filled. And the literary censor of The Army is not done. He was reading *The Local Officer* in the train last night, and thought too little space was devoted to instruction. The Corps Cadets did not receive sufficient attention, and he was inclined to go in for a permanent enlargement of the dainty magazine.

Science and Salvation.

The Chief has a good word to say about new and old contributors; thinks Lieut.-Colonel Duff, for instance, ought to be congratulated for her Salvation Science pages, and that the writer in *The Social Gazette* who depicted the horrors of Hanley is capable of doing splendid work in the future.

He has a kindly word for our poets, but these kind things are always accompanied with a practical hint at improvement. The fact is, the Chief has the artistic element of a journalist; and that is how the Editors enjoy the smite of his tomahawk or the ointment of his praise.

The Editor-in-Chief well knows by experience that the judgment of the Chief of the Staff seldom leads him astray. He is quick to accept a new ruling, even when it means double work.

Conferences with Heads of Departments take up a good deal of the afternoon. To-day it is with Commissioner Coombs upon a new Field departure. It

makes needful fifty letters to fifty Officers, who have already been making experiments in their Corps. It involves quite a different leaderette and two articles for the next issue of *The War Cry* other than those already decided upon.

The Editor of *The Officer* wants ten minutes; the Editor of *The Deliverer* desires guidance on five subjects and answers to three questions. The afternoon wears away, punctuated by telegrams, messages, speaking through the telephone, and transitory interviews. In the middle of an important letter, which must be off by the 5.30 mail, the office boy ushers in a ruffled-looking individual, who claims "Very urgent business."

"Commissioner, why did you alter that par in my last report?" he breaks out. "It took me eight hours to write. I read it to my wife and to a brother Officer, and they thought it perfect. Those twenty lines you missed were the best of all!"

The Editor-in-Chief has to explain justly and patiently why this dreadful omission had to be made, and to get him to accept the sacrifice. And as he does really write very decent and helpful little things, in view of future usefulness the sacrifice has to be further sweetened by a nice little letter—which adds one more to the pile on the desk for dictation.

A Call for Patience.

"It is 6.30, Commissioner," says the office boy.

"You told me to bring you a cup of tea before you start for the meeting."

"Yes, put it down. Put all those papers into my bag, and also my Bible. Is the Editor of *The Field Officer* there? Ask him to come along, and we will talk on the bus."

A special Open-air gathering, where the Commissioner talks upon the Social Work of The Army, and a swinging salvation meeting close his day. His arm-chair at home sees very little of him; but, in defence of what often proves over-much toil, he will tell you that "the night cometh, when no man can work."

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XI.

A DAY WITH A LITERARY OFFICER.

The growth of The Army is strikingly illustrated by the extent of some of its subsidiary undertakings. None among these is more interesting or more evidently capable of large possibilities than the work of providing and issuing good literature. These are days when everyone reads something, and it is obvious that if the people we are specially concerned in are to read good, soul-purifying matter instead of the empty rubbish or sentimental twaddle which abounds, it must be placed in their hands. And so the office of one of the many secretaries at International Headquarters has a special attraction.

The Interviewer found herself the sole occupant of the office. All around were scattered signs of literary employment, stacks of reference books, piles of copy, baskets of uncompleted MS., specimens of paper and type and binding, proof sheets of both book and journal; while without could be heard the click of a typewriter.

In he came at last, under a Brigadier's cap, which, being swiftly swept off, disclosed the features of the

Officer who assists the Chief of the Staff in the issuing of the literature of The Army.

The General's Early Start.

"I expected to find you here at work," remarked the Interviewer, as severely as possible.

The Brigadier dumped down an extremely heavy bag, and said simply, "Oh, I have been working with The General and the Chief since 8.30."

As the Interviewer remembered she had only been concluding her breakfast at that hour, the severity melted perforce. "What have you been doing?"

"Well, I am, in addition to several other things, a sort of connecting link between the Chief of the Staff and the Editorial Department. From our conference this morning, therefore, I had to bring to Headquarters two rulings: one concerning a special number of *The Young Soldier*, its presentation plate and price; the other dealing with a question of internal administration of the Editorial Department.

"Perhaps you are not aware that the Chief is just now engaged in editing and issuing a new series of books, designed especially for the teaching of Holiness. It was needful to get decisions upon type, chapter headings, page headings, paper, binding, and selling price. These decisions mean a different set of negotiations with different departments, letters, telephone messages, and interviews.

"Then I had to discover for The General exactly how many Regulations there are in The Salvation Army. Perhaps you will be surprised to know that the number is 16,700. These are continually being altered as new conditions arise, and we keep a copy of each always in sheet form, that every fresh alteration and development may be noted at the time, in readiness for a new edition. This," holding up a "back" full of sheets, "is the copy for a new book of Regulations, every sentence of which has been carefully weighed and formed by the Chief of the Staff, and all the more important points by The General in Council with the Chief and other Officers. I am finishing it off as regards order of Sections, references, and so forth. That gives more work than you would imagine; every loophole has to be guarded by references like this: '*See Chapter IV., Section XIII., Par. 3.*' The proofs, even when you have the most obliging and considerate of printers, also demand a great deal of attention."

"According to Regulation."

Here a boy entered with a page of proof of *The Social Gazette.*

The Literary Officer was *interviewing himself* with such rapidity that the Interviewer could only fall back upon a stump of pencil, and strive to cope with the stream of information as swiftly as might be.

"We are going to press now with the last sheet of

the fifth edition of *Orders and Regulations for Field Officers*. This," handing over 158 pages of foolscap, "is the index alone, each entry having to be verified on proof.

Foreign Editions.

"Then, please remember the Chief is constantly concerning himself with the issue of our books and papers in other countries —deciding questions of reprints, translations, and so on. Several of our books have been translated into nearly a dozen tongues."

"The Regulations seem to occupy a great deal of attention?"

"Yes! The General holds them to be of the highest importance. Here is a new edition of *Staff Officers' Regulations*," showing a pile of neatly-clipped galleys of proof, well besprinkled with marginal notes by The General and Chief. "The Chief especially has worked very hard upon these, giving minute instructions concerning matters which have never appeared in print before. The General has been engaged upon them for days together. The Army is so large, and is so constantly dealing with new conditions in various parts of the world, that every new situation as it arises dictates a qualification, or modification, or new rule altogether."

The Brigadier made a dive into the heavy bag, fishing up proofs of *The Deliverer*, *Trade Journal*, and the concluding pages of next month's *All the World*.

"I should like to know when you checked those," said the Interviewer.

"Well—er—if you really want to know, I did the *Trade Journal* in bed last night, and the other two this morning, in the intervals of conferring with the Chief upon the title, preface, etc., of No. 1 of *The Liberty Library*."

"What books have you now on the stocks?"

"I am writing one myself for *The Red-Hot Library* in any time I can get, called "Twenty Centuries of Salvation," a slight Church history, practically, each chapter dealing with one century."

"H'm, I do not see where the time comes from," put in the Interviewer.

Economising Time.

"Oh, it is quite surprising how much may be put into a day if you economise——"

"Chief wants you, sir!"

The flash of an opening door, vanishing forms, echo of footsteps—Brigadier and boy were nowhere to be seen.

"So sorry to keep you waiting," said a voice in ten minutes' time, and the literary man glided back into his chair and his interview without a second's warning. "We have over thirty different books and pamphlets on hand now, some are new editions, others are new books. Even if the latter, and the writer

presents very fair copy, there is a good deal to do at and for them before they are turned out bound and ready for purchase.

"It might interest you to know why the Chief sent for me just now. He had taken up a new edition of one of our smaller books, and found it printed on inferior paper to the last. He asked me 'Why? When was it altered? Who passed it? What is the difference in cost?' Enquiries had, of course, to be made over the telephone before I could return. Countless interruptions like that come all through the day.

Who was the Delinquent?

"Here you see a new *Young People's Song Book*. These are sample pages to show the appearance of the make-up. A small Council of Officers made a splendid selection of songs, and the Chief finally read and revised it. There is a completed copy of our new *Bible Portions* for Officers' use in meetings, to ensure all parts of the Bible being frequently and more fully read in public. Four of these portions must be read every week, in addition to those from which the Officer speaks. And that bundle of manuscript, when published, will, I hope, supply a long-felt want. It is a *Guide to the Directory*, and intended to assist those engaged in the Young People's Work in their Lessons to the children.

"In an hour I shall have to join a Council concerning a special *Summer War Cry*—something which will not be out of date in a week."

Again the door swung on its hinges, and two new portraits of The General were submitted, reproduced on fine and beautiful paper.

"I will lay them before the Chief," was the answer.

"That basket looks interesting," hinted the Interviewer. "Is it private business?"

"Not at all," pulling out its overflowing contents.

Salvation Literature.

"This is a new edition of *Why and Wherefore?* Bulky, isn't it? It is practically a condensation of Regulations likely to affect Field Officers, matters of government and discipline; and the Handbook of the Training Homes. This is a *Salvationist's Guide to London*, compiled for Congress visitors, referring them to all instructive places of interest in London, including all our own Institutions; that is a *Warrior's Daily Portion, No. II.*, which will be ready for press shortly."

"If I go away quickly enough!" put in the Interviewer.

The Brigadier's smile was a polite evasion, and he rushed on with his own interview. "There you have a *Salvation Army Encyclopædia*, in course of preparation, that fills any odd time I may get. Here

is an accumulation of material for a book of Salvation Army adventure—tremendously interesting. This is a new *All About The Salvation Army*—a booklet for strangers, brought up to date. These sheets form the copy for a *History of The Army*. The bottom of the basket is filled with samples of pictures produced by different processes, and proposed for use in some books of Salvation Army Portraits, shortly to be issued."

"You seem to go in largely for newspaper cuttings."

"Indeed, yes. This very bulky book is wholly devoted to extracts on a subject connected with which the Chief of the Staff is writing a new book. Here are photographs ready for its illustration."

"I came for a peep at your day. You seem to have shown me enough to occupy a good many days," said the Interviewer, closing her book. "How you must long to be rid of me that you may *do* some of these things instead of *talk* about them!"

"Before you go you should see this *Reading List*. It comprises the names of about eighty books recommended by The General and the Chief for Officers in making up their own little collections of books. There is, as you see, a slight sketch of each book, followed by an extract"——

What shall I Read?

"Which means that you have read it first?"

"Oh, yes——also title and price. This will when

issued help the Officers to choose what they really need.

"Few people have any idea of the extent of the literary ramifications of The Army. Why, do you know that during the last year our London Book Room alone has sold something like 340,000 copies of the various books we publish, altogether apart from Bibles, Song Books, and other pure literature which we sell."

The so-called Interviewer looked her Subject in the eye. There were evidently other revelations on the point of being made. Why had not this Officer been set to write his own interview as well as conduct it? She fled.

XII.

A DAY WITH THE GENERAL.

A Sunday with The General is at once the climax to one and the starting-point to a second Campaign for the salvation of souls to the town visitor.

"THE GENERAL
will preach
IN THE EMPIRE THEATRE NEXT SUNDAY
at 11, 3, and 7."

So read the wall-posters.

A usual interpretation of such an announcement would be that the public will be favoured with three well-prepared sermons from the Founder of The Salvation Army. But The General's public work is built on an entirely different conception of his duty, opportunity, and Divine call.

What is a Sermon?

A Service, under his direction, becomes a battle royal between preacher and people. A sermon, with The General, is not merely a moralisation or a more or less thoughtful meditation; it is a loud

call to surrender there and then to God, to confess and renounce sin, and accept the principle of the Cross of Christ. It is but a means to an end.

To appreciate, therefore, the wonderful example of physical and mental exertion and spiritual power with which The General invests his public work, one has to keep this ever before him.

For instance, his visit to a town is preceded by a carefully-organised visitation of the public-houses, the lodging-houses, and the homes of the drunkard and vicious, as well as of many of the steady working classes. As many as 150 homes of drunkards were visited in the Northern town the visit to which is referred to in this chapter. The most notorious and abandoned character in the place was pleaded with to "Come and see The General—your friend, if you only knew it. He will give you the truth without varnish. Aye, and you need it, lad, to judge by this home and these tatters. Man, God never intended you should live like an animal, or He would have provided you with fore and hind feet."

Organisation.

Not very graceful language, we admit, but The General's forerunner is an expert in this kind of work. His bait is effective and successful.

Little advertising of the ordinary kind is done, because little is required. The General's name and

forty-eight hours' announcement are ample means to ensure the filling of the largest building anywhere three times on Sunday. Hence, a theatre is preferred to a public hall; and it has the extra advantage of being neutral ground, and more familiar to the classes for whose peace and happiness he specially delights to labour.

As with the preparations in general, so with The General's in particular. The British Commissioner provides him with a confidential account of The Army's history, position, and prospects. The General takes counsel with any of his Officers who happen to know the locality he is visiting.

His mind is thus prepared for his Campaign by a knowledge of the circumstances which he will find on arrival.

For The General the Campaign before us began in the railway train on the Saturday morning at ten o'clock.

Business in the Train.

Two Officers occupied a few moments of his time before he stepped into his compartment. A legal document was signed, and an article corrected for the Press, and handed to the Editor of one of The Army papers, who is supplied with some practical points for improving his paper, and—himself.

On the way to the door of his compartment, the Guard greets The General with a friendly salute:

"Hope you are well, General?"

"Yes, Guard, for an old man. Are you going down to——? I am in your hands, and the Lord's."

The Guard looks slightly embarrassed.

"Belong to Cumberland, eh? Lovely part of the country!"

The Guard's embarrassment disappears.

"A nice place to go to Heaven from, but what a place to go to Hell from!"

Said in voice of clearness and tenderness, the snap-shot truth lodges in the mind of the kindly Guard, and when he sees the preacher nicely ensconced, the Guard remarks to a colleague, "I would let that man say to me what I would swear at if another said the same."

What a Guard Said.

The five hours in the train are occupied over notes of the addresses to be given, consideration of matters requiring attention elsewhere, and correspondence. The former, where they traverse ground ahead, well-worn, are brought up to date, supplied with fresh illustration and amplified arguments. The Campaign has begun.

After the social courtesies are exchanged at his billet—and he is usually entertained by leading citizens—The General does not retire to rest. The telegraph messenger will prevent that. His leading Officer in the district has something to say, and a request to

make, and then half a dozen journalists have prepared a fusillade of questions, and are waiting to let them go.

"*Before* tea, General?" asks the host.

"I never keep a journalist waiting. Like myself, he is a busy man."

They are invited in, and the hostess looks reflectively at the tea-things, the clock, the maid, and the tired General.

"Now, gentlemen, what can I do for you?"

Flap, flap go the note-books, and for the next half-hour a brisk animated talk ensues—say, upon the Licensing Laws, The General's own Scheme for dealing with the Vagrant or Tramp problem, Emigration, Colonisation, and—depend upon it—Salvation, and Salvation as it affects the pressmen. Were editors not such despots, these reporters would fill many a column of their newspapers with the copy such an interview supplies. But, as a rule, the English newspaper is chiefly interested in The General's movements and opinions, and ventilates these with a fair amount of space.

Interviewing.

The General is a born conversationalist, but to-night he must husband his resources. Five o'clock tea is over in fifteen minutes, and then The General must be left alone, and woe to the Secretary who, from that moment until the meeting opens, an hour or

so after, intrudes on any second-rate or third-rate errand. The prophet is adjusting his mantle. He takes an imaginative flight into the Borderland of the Eternal, and his silence in the cab all the way to the Hall betokens a travail of spirit, which is the sure precursor of a moral and spiritual transformation in the lives of many that night.

As usual with The General's week-end meetings, the Saturday night gathering was devoted to a Soldiers' Council, and long before the beloved and noble white head appeared on the platform, the Citadel was packed from floor to ceiling with eager welcoming Salvationists, besprinkled, as one could see, with backsliders whose hearts still loved the old work, and whose minds hankered after the old ways.

The Noble White Head!

For the rest, they were a goodly crowd to see, men heavily predominating, hard of hand, brusque of tongue, independent of manner, intolerant of shams, old footballers, old prize-fighters, old wife-beaters, old pigeon-flyers; one could only think of the Apostle's words: "*Such were some of you; but ye are washed.*" From different parts of the world, they evidently greeted with pleasure the point and personality of these opening words, and settled down under them to a straight heart-talk. They got it. Kindly, pithy, and humorous as words might be, flashing with incident,

graphic with detail of picture and story, yet the great personal You shot straight out from the shoulder at them like a blow, hitting somebody every time.

"You—what are you doing for God? You—who knows what God can do for you?"

The girl with the flighty hat looked at him with two fiercely burning eyes; the drunkard, with his miserable home in the background, threw back his head to drink in words of hope; the backslider gazed through a mist of tears; the faithful, persecuted Soldier set his teeth more firmly, and vowed to go through; the convert with an unsaved father bowed his head in prayer; the old woman, in a hallelujah bonnet, with a prodigal son, gave a sobbing ejaculation; the military man under the gallery, who had left five saved comrades in a barrack-room in a neighbouring town, won to God through difficulties best known to himself alone, beamed at the inspiration breathed into his heart; and still the question rang out, "Who knows, who knows, I say, what God can do for You?"

Over fifty men and women answered that question at the penitent-form—secret backsliders nearly all. It is a meeting which supplied the key to The General's commanding power over men. He speaks to the spirit of man, at times with the tenderness of a Guyon, and his reproofs of sin in the Church recalls an

Speaking to the Spirit.

Ignatius de Loyola. His knowledge of the man nature is deeper than Saint Augustine's, because permeated with a light which the exalted place he occupies among men has enabled him to acquire.

* * * *

Every door is sentinelled, every post filled, every collecting-box in charge, and three parts of the great public building occupied when The General mounts the platform on Sunday morning to deal out the truths he holds so dear. The organisation is perfect; and if imperfect, the eagle eye of The General will soon detect it. If these people have come to enjoy a nice, comfortable, religious service, with just a spice of novelty in it, they have brought a mistaken notion. They begin by looking at The General; they end by looking at their own hearts—introspection which clouds many a face, bends many a head, and whitens one man to the very lips.

Introspection.

The picture of the soul who is beckoned by the Spirit of Grace to mystic communion of purity and love, but who turns from the grieved Comforter to walk with the wife of another man on the road to Hell, burns its way in. "Perhaps he feels he is in Hell already," suggests The General, and against the tense silence bursts an unconscious sigh.

This sermon is "built," as the parson would say,

on a threefold principle: exegetical (always terse and brief), practical (suited to the needs of the human heart, and the class before him), and decisive – he demands that his audience shall act at once according to their convictions.

The man who looks upon religion and cries, "I'd like to live a holy life, to have a death-bed of triumph, to go up and share the glory of the skies, but—but—" and lets his greed for gain, his passionate ambition, his unscrupulous motive, his love of licence, drag him down, is forcefully contrasted to Paul—Paul with his promising early life, his ambitions, his friends, his secured position, who makes his choice between all this and being a poor despised follower of the Nazarene, but who cries, "Perish the world, perish everything, but let me live Jesus Christ!"

The Bandsmen are leaning eagerly forward; a woman below has dropped her furs and gloves unheeded to the ground; a doorkeeper has unconsciously advanced three or four paces up the aisle; an ex-Officer turns a still, intense face toward his long-loved General; a flashly-dressed man, who has seen holier days, grips the chair in front of him. The voice proceeds:—

Getting Power.

"Power, but how can you get it? How did Paul get it? *By the full surrender of himself.*"

"Fishers" seem needless; the Spirit of Truth is dealing with the people Himself—convicting, revealing, stripping from them the falsities which they have bound over their nakedness of soul.

* * * *

The General is not satisfied, however. He lingers. His eyes have rested pleadingly upon a resisting backslider, and his face will stand out in his memory all the way to his lunch.

His good hostess has prepared a wholesome vegetarian soup, and the dishes likely to tempt his taste, and recuperate his exhausted system; for it must be remembered that this sermon has, with exhortations and pleadings in the prayer-meeting, extended to half a dozen, and the service has lasted two hours.

Vegetable Soup.

But no! Rest is food. A little of the soup, a slice or so of an apple, and a little later a cup of tea, before resuming the battle, must suffice.

His voice, vigour, and clearness of vision depend upon rigid abstemiousness. Then, he must write the Chief, and the vigilant scribe has several letters which *must* have decisions upon before the Sunday's mail closes. The incessant call of work only allows him a short period of repose.

We have a contrast in the afternoon. The *élite* of the town occupy the reserved seats. The Mayor, with

Magistrates, Clergymen, Doctors, etc., fill the front row of the platform.

In one hundred of the principal public-houses last week appeared an Officer requesting a private moment with the landlord. "I have called to ask you to support the Mayor on Sunday afternoon next," said he to their astonished hearing. "He presides at a lecture to be given by General Booth upon his Social Work, in which you may be interested. The General desires me to give you a special invitation."

They are here, fifty or sixty out of the hundred; and no part of this assemblage is responding more heartily or giving more generously than they.

Touching the Human Spring.

The General is quickly *en rapport* with his audience: he kindles their sense of humour with an Irish story; with the tale of a little child he reaches a hand through all their barriers of reserve, and so touches the spring of their sympathy that they instantly respond with a free flow of laughter and appreciation.

He convinces the most sceptical of the need of the under-world, shows what has been done to meet it, argues out what is still lacking by striking story and telling illustration, vividly impresses upon us the life-lesson he is reviewing for us to-day, and, finally, thrusts home the question, "What are *you* doing to help?"

"There goes the worthiest successor of John Wesley," remarks one of the visitors.

"Bless him," says a tousled, bedraggled woman of the streets, who has waited long to see the "old General" on the doorstep of the side entrance.

"Why was she debarred from the meeting?" The General asks; "she ought to have had a front seat." There is no reply. Perhaps someone has blundered. The cab drives the Leader to the Officers' Quarters, where two or three of his Staff meet him, and then an *impromptu* Council of War proceeds over the tea-cups.

There is half an hour between this and the supreme struggle of the day, and that must be described by thought, not only as to what he shall say, but *how*.

"How am I to compel the people to think?" he asks. To speak, and speak with the Fire of powerful natural eloquence, is no trouble to The General of The Salvation Army. He has the actor's art and the prophet's zeal, but he ascends the platform to bring about *results*—RESULTS. Let Archbishops and Canons put themselves under that ordinance next Lord's Day, and they will better understand what a public day to The General involves.

Prophetic Fire.

But to the meeting itself.

The brilliant electric lights flash white upon the sea of upturned faces as The General grapples with his

Sunday evening congregation. From the first moment he has made it clear that he does not intend to spare them. No portrayal of sin could be more unflinching, more vivid, more realistic than this. It is as though we could see the "X" rays of truth darting beneath the surface, searching out old sins, showing them up for the hateful, loathsome, evil things they are, and so shaming the spirits, and stabbing the conscience before us that sinful hearts are weighted down with a new burden of realised guilt.

A momentary interruption of illness in the Hall causes but a flutter on the surface of attention. The crowd is here to listen, nor is it at all willing to have its occupation disturbed. It is engaged in facing its own shortcomings, in receiving light from the Judgment Throne—such light as has never so clearly flashed upon it hitherto; and here and there is a soul so busy attending to it that the tense expression of their face never relaxes for a moment.

A Front Movement.

These are not the pictures of another man's sins; here is the old insistent You again to the front, and some souls are already answering, "I, Lord, I—I—!"

It is not long before there is a movement to the front. It is an old Life-Guardsman, who, for fourteen years before, served in the Artillery. He spent all his week's money yesterday, and to help him to forget

it has come to hear The General to-night. Now he is remembering all the sins of a wild life, and his heart breaks.

A struggle is seen from the front. A girl urges her lover to go and give himself to God. He refuses, thinking thereby to keep her back also. "If you don't go, Jack, that settles it; we will part. I'm going to get saved." She steps out bravely alone; but later, while she is in the Registration Room, Jack comes out for God too, and they re-unite to serve the same Saviour.

Surely, this is a well-known face! An old-time soul-winner in this district—an evangelist who has preached numberless sermons, but whom now the devil has in his grip. "Would to God I had never come to this meeting!" cries he in his anguish; but faith and prayer and patience triumph, and this captive is set at liberty.

Set at Liberty.

A fisher is dealing earnestly with a woman, who fights vigorously against coming to the penitent-form.

"No, no," she says, "I canna get converted; there's too much o' the old devil in me. I want to strike Mrs. Stoots i' th' face!" More argument follows. At last she breaks down, sobs her way out to the mercy-seat, and then, rising, goes across the Hall, and kisses Mrs. Stoots!

This one kneeling at the penitent-rail has been nearly ruined by betting. It is her master-passion. She has now a bet of £7 10*s.* on a race, and she meant to see that race through if the sky fell. But she has been listening to the truth, been properly convicted, and has deliberately laid her all upon God's altar, for His sole use and benefit.

In three different parts of the Hall to-night three brothers have been sitting. One has declared he was going to spend the Sunday four miles away; the second went off apparently a dozen miles; the third said he would stay at home and hear General Booth. Each had intended to be here to-night, but two were too shy to make it known. Two have already met at the penitent-form; will the third give in also?

A husband and wife have yielded to God; now their daughter; last of all their son. A whole family is rejoicing in Salvation. Let us peep into the Registration Room. A row of Officers sit with books and pencils; each has a vacant seat, or a recent penitent by his side. Direction, spiritual advice, counsel as to the future are freely given with a little booklet of The General's in return for name, address, and nearest Corps.

Registration.

The Theatre has become a veritable Pool of Siloam, with the holy waters in disturbance, healing and cleansing the soul. The place is a confessional. The

penitent pays his vows and makes restitution. A young man has robbed his master—such is his voluntary admission. Strong in the sense of Divine pardon, he will own up to his employer on the morrow.

It is also a recruiting-ground. Pledges of renunciation and service are sealed by the blessing of God on the endorsement of man.

Christ's Cross will be translated into a living reality next day in factory, mill, or mine.

It is 9.30, and The General, being human, must retire and leave his lieutenants to hold on while a guilty rebel halts between two opinions. Another pressman dogs his footsteps, and there is not even quiet between the platform and his billet.

A Last Question.

When his secretary enters his room later on the question instantly escapes his lips, "Well, how many?"

"One hundred and thirty."

"Praise God! But why was it not twice that number?"

In that interrogation you have something of the secret of this servant of the Most High God.

A FEW FIGURES.

JUNE, 1903.

Countries and Colonies occupied		49
Languages in which Salvation is preached ..		31
Corps, Circles and Societies		7,505
Officers and Cadets (including Social) ..		13,557
Persons without rank wholly employed in Salvation Army Work		1,767
Local Officers (spare time, but unpaid) ..		45,730
Bandsmen		17,170
Periodicals:—		
(*a*) Number		63
(*b*) In Languages		24
(*c*) Total Copies per issue	*about*	1,000,000
Social Operations:—		
Number of Institutions		636
Number Officers and Cadets employed in Social Work		1,725
Number Persons without rank wholly employed in Social Work		950
Beds Supplied (12 Months)		4,319,728
Meals Supplied (12 Months)		7,891,663

LEGACIES.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS who are about to make their WILLS, and desire to help the work of THE SALVATION ARMY.

The good intentions of some friends have been made useless in consequence of their not knowing the proper form in which a Bequest of a Legacy for charitable purposes should be inserted in their Wills.

All kinds of property, without exception, can now be legally bequeathed for charitable purposes, and the following form of legacy is recommended. Where a legacy does not consist of a certain amount of money, care should be taken to clearly identify the property, or shares, or stock (or whatever it may be) intended to be bequeathed:—

"*I GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO WILLIAM BOOTH, or other The General for the time being of THE SALVATION ARMY, the sum of £.....* (or) *MY TWO freehold houses known as Nos. ..... in the county of ..... .* (or) *my £ ..... ordinary stock of the London and North-Western Railway Company* (or) *my shares in.....Limited* (or as the case may be) *to be used or applied by him, at his discretion, for the general purposes of THE SALVATION ARMY. And I direct the said last-mentioned legacy to be paid within twelve months after my decease.*"

DIRECTIONS FOR EXECUTION OF WILL.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must sign their names, addresses, and occupations at the end of the Will. The best method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and his two witnesses and go into a room and lock the door, tell the witnesses that he wants them to attest his Will, and then all three sign in the room, and let nobody go out until they have all signed.

General Booth will always be pleased to procure for any friends desiring to benefit The Salvation Army by Will or otherwise further advice, and will treat any communications made to him on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Letters dealing with the matter should be marked private, and addressed—

GENERAL BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

THE FUNDS OF THE ARMY.

The Property and Funds of The Salvation Army and of the Darkest England Social Scheme are settled by Deeds enrolled in Chancery in Trust for the purposes of The Army and the Social Scheme, and for which The General, for the time being, is the Trustee.

The funds of The Army are of two classes:—

(*a*) Those which are received and expended in the various Corps throughout the world, and accounted for by Officers appointed for that purpose, who are subject to the direction and audit of Headquarters.

(*b*) Those received at International Headquarters, of which full Accounts and Balance-Sheets, duly audited by Messrs. Knox, Cropper and Co., Chartered Accountants, of 16, Finsbury Circus, London, E.C., are published yearly.

AN EASY WAY OF HELPING THE SALVATION ARMY.

As there still exists a considerable amount of ignorance in the minds of many good people with regard to our methods and work, our friends may greatly help us by distributing literature explanatory of The Salvation Army. For this purpose we shall be most happy to supply them with copies of the undermentioned booklets on receipt of a post-card:—

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